HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 599.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

MATERNAL VIGILANCE.

ORNITHOLOGISTS say, and every farmer of experience will tell you, that the duck is both a cowardly bird and a careless mother—that she flies at the slightest intimation of danger, and that a hen is almost always employed to hatch out her ducklings. It would, therefore, seem at the first glance that our sentimental artist, in selecting this timid member of the *anatidæ* family to illustrate the old and familiar but always pleasant story of maternal love and devotion, had made a grievous error. But the meaning of the drawing is thereby made clearer, the moral is made stronger, and yet it is true to nature and to fact. Timid and careless as she is, the duck has been known to successfully resist the attacks of the hawk, and to defend with vigor the brood to whose care she had previously appeared so indifferent. Our illustration below represents one of these ungainly fowls in the act of taking the defensive against a predatory hawk which is just visible through the gray atmosphere of the morning, but whose presence the natural instinct and maternal love of the mother-duck have been quick to discover. A cry of alarm has drawn the brood to her sides for protection, much on the same principle of self-preservation and style of tactics which directs the skirmishers to "rally by fours" in the presence of the enemy's cavalry.

DECORATING OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

THE citizens of ancient Rome,
When, victory-crowned, the hosts came home,
    Bedecked the living chief
    With wreaths of laurel leaf.

Upon the graves of those who shed
Their blood for us—our patriot dead,
    We, sorrowing, place to-day
    The garland-gifts of May.

They do not hear the bugle-call;
They heard it once, and once for all;
    For their reply behold
    These mounds, and all is told.

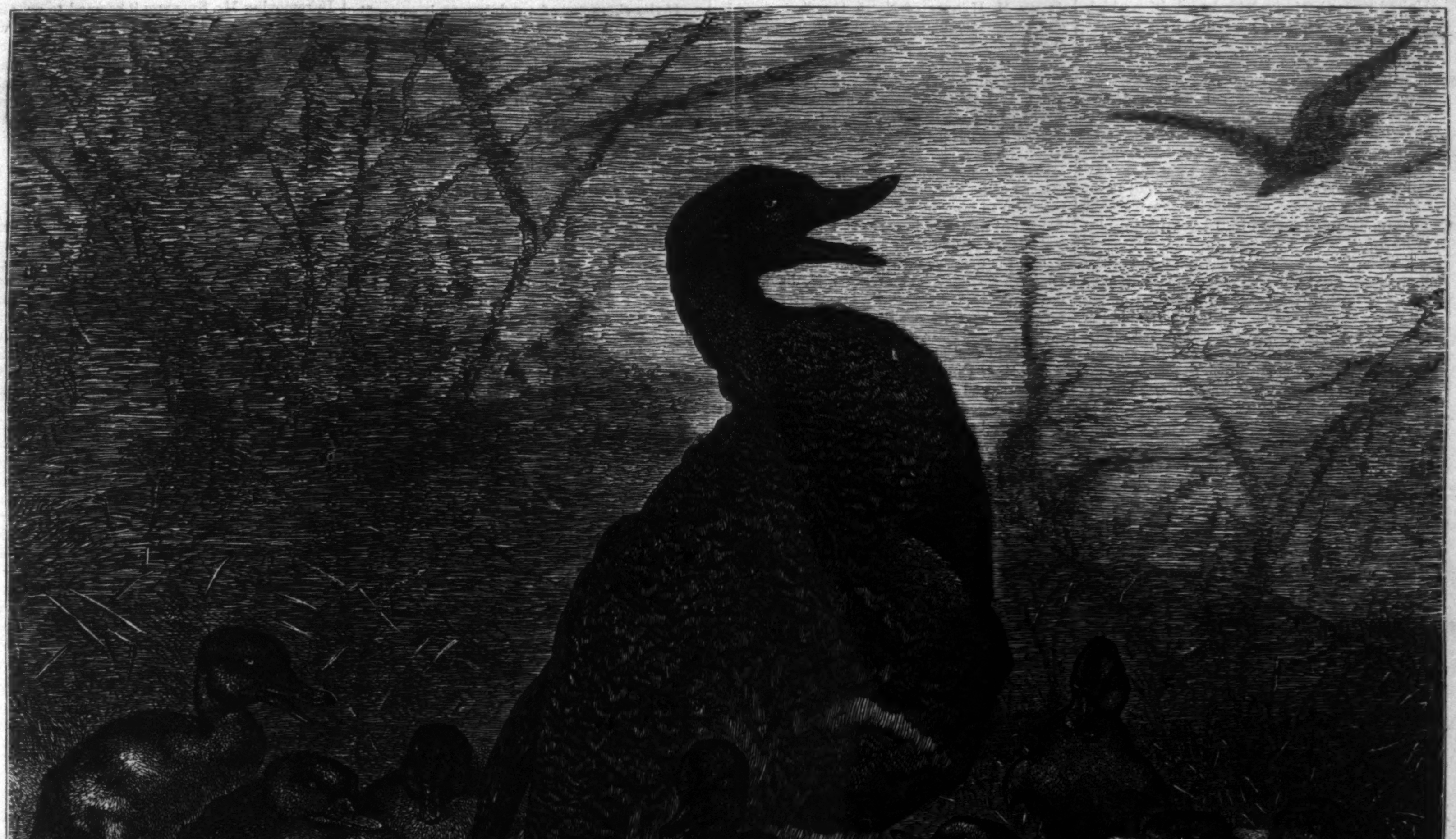
Oh, comrades of the battle-field!
When cannon roared and muskets pealed,
    And mighty deeds were wrought,
    You know how well they fought.

In Duty's cause, unheeding death,
They cheered the flag with parting breath,
    In faith sublimely high,
    And dying, did not die.

They live to-day a larger life,
Beyond our little spheres of strife—
    Beyond the silent tomb,
    Where violets always bloom.

AN INDIAN'S CAREER.

AN illustration on page 392 of this issue serves the treble purpose of sketching strange manners and customs, giving a not uninteresting narrative of the real life of a living, though fast perishing, race, and displaying a work of no little artistic merit. The story is the "Life of an Indian," and the several handsome vignettes illustrate scenes which occur in the career of every red man. In the first he is seen in his infancy, the drawing illustrating the manner in which he is cradled and his figure moulded to the Indian form of beauty. In the second, grown to boyhood, he learns the use of the bow and arrow by practicing on the birds which fly near his father's wigwam. Advanced to manhood, he pursues more dangerous and adventurous sport in chasing the buffalo. In the fourth, his manhood is tested by the Indian trials of endurance. In the fifth "scene of this eventful history" he becomes a lover, "sighing like a furnace" over a "lascivious lute." In the sixth, he has developed into the warrior, and gloats with savage pride over his first scalp. In the seventh, he still further takes delight in his first victory and engages in the scalp-dance which celebrates it. In the eighth, sickness has overtaken him, and he is found stretched in the medicine-lodge, while the "medicine man" ministers to him in his peculiar mode. "Last scene of all" represents the tribe employed in celebrating the funeral ceremonies of the dead chieftain.



MATERNAL VIGILANCE IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 20, 1868.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

So says General Grant, so says every patriotic and intelligent man in the country. How then shall it be most speedily obtained? That is really the vital question of the election. All the other interests wait upon this, which is fundamental. Until there is peace, or, in other words, a definite political reorganization of the unrepresented States, there can be no industrial tranquillity or prosperity. No full current of capital and skilled labor will set Southward until it is plain that the foundations of civil order are re-established. Upon what principle shall the work be done?

General Grant is of opinion that Peace can most surely be established by the success of the reconstruction policy of Congress, and by Constitutions securing equal civil and political rights to all. Without this condition, there is no hope of the general intelligence which is the sole condition of a free government. The Republican party which sincerely supported the war; which fully understood it; which abolished slavery to secure the victory; which established the Freedmen's Bureau as a necessary temporary consequence of emancipation; which declared the equal civil rights of the freedmen as the legitimate result of their freedom, has also declared their political rights as the security not only of their own freedom but of the national welfare. It was necessary to decide whether emancipation should be sustained or slavery re-established. If the former course were pursued every thing necessary to its success was a simple necessity and duty. As for the latter course, it was an absurdly revolting impossibility.

It was determined to maintain emancipation; and President Johnson required the States regained from rebellion to adopt the emancipation amendment. The sublime claim of the right of State sovereignty to enslave the industrial population was peremptorily, contemptuously, and properly disregarded by him. The United States having subdued a rebellion which left certain States without any civil government, said to them, "You must begin your restoration to renewed political organization by agreeing that slavery is abolished." Most of them acquiesced. That act contained the whole principle of reconstruction. It was a dictation of terms by the Government, and their acceptance by the States to be reorganized. The Government had no right to do any thing whatever, or it had a perfect right to do whatever it deemed essential to the national welfare, with due regard to the great principles of liberty.

This is the view of General Grant and of the Republican party. Upon this principle its policy of reconstruction is based. Having ample authority under the Constitution to subdue the rebellion by all honorable and recognized methods, including emancipation, it has the authority to do whatever is necessary to secure emancipation and the victory of which it was an element. It proposes, therefore, equal suffrage in the late rebel States. It does not propose confiscation nor any vindictive punishment, and, while it consults experience and common-sense in denying to a few of the most conspicuously disaffected a present voice in the Government, it favors the removal of every disqualification just as fast as the evident condition of society will allow. Thus, by obliterating as rapidly as possible the traces of the old system of slavery; by forbidding its perpetuation under other names and forms; by defending the equal civil and political rights of the whole population, the Republican policy seeks peace and prosperity for the Southern States and for the whole country, upon conditions which the highest sagacity approves and the widest experience confirms.

The Democratic policy is directly antagonistic to the Republican. The Democracy has not yet, indeed, authoritatively justified the war, and, if its Convention continues the traditions of 1864, it will denounce it. In that case, of course, its policy and declarations will be of very little importance. If, however, it accepts the war, it will very probably declare that when the rebellion in arms was suppressed the exact situation of January 1861 recurred. But if it accepts the war it must accept emancipation, and, doing that, it will find it difficult to deny the authority of the United States to provide at its pleasure for the security of the emancipated class. If the situation of January 1861 immediately recurred, so far as State authority and independence are concerned, the Democracy will have to declare that the United States had a right to free the slaves as a war measure, and that the States, having by the act of laying down their arms recovered all their authority, may re-enslave them and snap their fingers at the National Government.

This is but the beginning of woes. If the situation of January 1861 recurred immediately upon the surrender, the "dormant" State Constitutions awake; the political power is vested exclusively in the hands of the disaffected class; slavery is recognized; and if the disaffected class choose to emancipate, but not to confer political power upon the freedmen, they retain all their political monopoly and gain representatives in Congress. Meanwhile, whether the Democratic party declares the situation of January 1861 to have recurred or not, the truth remains that it never can recur; that it is already half a century behind. The truth remains that the freedmen have enjoyed their civil rights for two years, are widely educated, have voted, are working as free laborers, and understand the situation quite as well as their old masters. Under such circumstances the organs of the Democracy announce that this condition of things depends upon the result of the Presidential election. If the Republicans succeed, it will be continued; if the Democrats, it will be reversed. Which is the way of Peace?

The party which thus proposes to reopen the whole subject, to leave all the questions arising from emancipation and the war to be settled for each State by the ex-rebel slaveholders in it, calls itself Conservative as well as Democratic. Resisting the logic of events and despising facts, upon the one hand it panders to every odious prejudice and inflames every contemptible passion upon the other. With one side of its mouth it shouts "State Rights;" with the other, "Down with the nigger!" In one breath it is "The Constitution;" in the next, "This is a white man's Government." This is the Conservatism of the stews and the slums. This is the Democracy of hatred and ignorance. This is the spirit which sneers at Grant, Liberty, and Equal Rights, and announces that the way to have peace in the Southern States is to despise their laboring population.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE'S "FRIENDS."

In the lull before the Tammany nomination there is still a great deal of gossip about the Chief Justice. One correspondent assures us that Mr. Chase does not care for the Presidency. There is one point settled. Mr. Horatio Seymour is in the same frame of mind. There is another. Another correspondent writes to the Syracuse *Journal* describing a conversation between the Chief Justice and Mr. James H. Harris of North Carolina, an able and active Republican of that State who declined a unanimous nomination to Congress, because being a colored man, he feared the effect upon the Northern prejudice. Mr. Harris told Mr. Chase that the Southern Republicans believed in no other party. Mr. Chase replied that he had never thought of organizing a third party. Then Mr. Harris asked how about a Democratic nomination, and Mr. Chase replied that when he was made Senator the Democrats came up to him, he did not go down to them. And, blushed the ingenuous magistrate, "If my friends place me in a similar position now, I am in their hands." But how can Mr. Chase's "friends" nominate him, having already nominated Grant? Or are Republicans no longer his "friends?"

Last August Mr. Chase was as sure as any man could well be that he was to be the Radical Republican candidate for the Presidency. It was supposed that the Southern States would be readmitted before the Convention, and that he would be demanded by them. The Loyal League was his especial friend. He was acknowledged as the most eminent and the most consistent of the Republican chiefs. He heartily approved the Congressional policy of restoration, and had made a tour through the Southern States, to the great disgust of the Democrats, proclaiming his approval of equal suffrage. Doubtless some prominent Republicans were no more agreeable to him than to many other of their party associates. But the Chief Justice was the representative Radical. This was in August, and now in the next June he is mentioned as a probable Democratic candidate.

As we recently asked, what has happened in the mean while? The policy of the Republican party and its principles remain the same. It has affirmed them by the highest party authority. It has declared for the speedy removal of every disqualification upon suffrage at the South. It has refused to make a judicial investigation a subject of party discipline. It has declared emphatically for the amplest maintenance of the national honor. It has politely intimated to certain gentlemen to whom Mr. Chase was opposed that they do not faithfully represent the party. In every way the party has vindicated its claim to the continued control of the Government upon the principles which the Chief Justice has always advocated and with which he is identified. Nothing whatever is changed since last August, and a party policy which he disapproved has failed; why, then, is this Republican chief mentioned as a possible Democratic candidate more than Mr. Sumner or Mr. Wade?

We forget. One little thing has happened. General Grant has been nominated for the Presidency by acclamation. But we ask again, why is Mr. Chase considered a probable Democratic candidate in 1868 more than Mr. Seward in 1860? And why should Echo so pertinaciously answer that General Grant has been unanimously nominated? We beg Echo to remember that a public correspondent who favors Mr. Chase's candidacy informs us that he does not desire the Presidency. And as the great public objects for which he has so ably contended are still pursued by the party whose principles he advocates, and as it has just nominated two most spotless and most popular candidates upon a platform of singular wisdom, and wholly harmonious with the views and practice of his life, to insist that the Chief Justice could be a possible candidate against his own party is to accuse him of ratting for mere personal aggrandizement. Nobody supposes for a moment that Mr. Chase believes the Democratic party with its organization, its traditions, and the character of its adherents will secure the principle of equal rights as the permanent policy of the Government more surely than the great party of which he has been so distinguished a leader. And who that has at heart the objects always professed by the Chief Justice will believe that they are more likely to be attained by the party which is radically hostile to them merely because in its despair it nominates Mr. Chase, chagrined by a personal disappointment?

CRITICISM OF PUBLIC MEN.

Mr. Sumner's resolutions upon the subject of impeachment and the public judgment upon it will probably pass, if pressed to a vote. The Senators who voted to convict will probably support them, and the others will not agree to them. Those who called the Republican Senators who voted for acquittal "infamous" will still think them so; and those who differed will remain of the same opinion. We can not see that any thing will be gained by the passage of the resolutions; except possibly the clearer perception that when there is so vital a difference of opinion as to the nature of impeachment, the process is not likely to be very beneficial to the country. The point of Mr. Sumner's resolutions is, that "Senators can not claim that their votes are exempt from the judgment of the people." This is the declaration made also by many newspapers, some in a reasonable tone, and some in a very different one. But what Senator has claimed such immunity, and what sensible man has demanded it for him?

If the character of a public man is so profligate, and his conduct so generally corrupt as to authorize the suspicion that his vote has been bought or improperly influenced, it is perfectly fair to say so, provided that the charge be supported by a reference to notorious precedents and to universal reputation. But to assume that a man's conduct is corrupt because motives may be imagined that might possibly make it so, is an unspeakable wrong. Criticism of public men is desirable and inevitable. But what is criticism? If a man thinks that an oath to decide in a specific case according to the evidence is an oath to be bound, despite his conviction, by party dictation—very well. That is his opinion. We will not quarrel, but we will, I hope, argue. But for such a man to say that another who believes that his oath means exactly what it says, and who acts accordingly, is "infamous," and a Judas, a Benedict Arnold, and a Jefferson Davis because he declines to yield to the party dictation, seems to us a blow at freedom itself. It is an effort to check liberty of thought, and destroy liberty of speech by terrorism.

Surely it is not a fair criticism of the motives of a public man who casts a vote differently from the wishes of many of his party friends to allege that he is governed by nothing but passion and chagrin, and to denounce him as a renegade. The St. Louis *Democrat* says that "If Senator Fessenden was under obligation to vote as his conscience dictated, so every honest and patriotic man in the land is under obligation to approve or disapprove as his conscience may dictate." Undoubtedly. The honest and patriotic man may indeed differ with the judgment of his Senator, and say so; but can an honest conscience possibly disapprove the Senator's voting according to his conviction? The case stated by the *Democrat* can not exist. No honest man will disapprove an honest vote, whether he agree with it or not. The *Democrat* further says that a Senator is as much a public servant when sitting in a trial for impeachment as when deliberating and voting upon a bill. But in the case of impeachment he is a public servant only as a judge is. Like the judge he is sworn to see that justice is done according to the law and evidence, not that what he conceives to be the public opinion upon the case is ratified. The very sanctity of the bench is that it is a refuge against a possible unjust public opinion; that it is the tribunal of reason and facts, not of passion and ignorance. When Mr. Hoar went to Charleston to test the legal validity of certain acts in the courts, the public opinion of slavery would not permit him to tarry. But if he had been suffered to remain, and the same opinion, however universal, had overpowered the court, no other proof would have been needed of the sheer barbarism of that society. So when a certain verdict was demanded of the Senate sitting as a court sworn to decide by the evidence, and demanded not by argument and reason, but by threats and epithets and abuse, those who demanded the verdict did what James did when he required that judgment should be given according to his will. Coke made his memorable reply that he should do that which should be fit for a judge to do. It seems to us that every Senator sworn to decide according to the evidence was as solemnly bound not to be influenced by party opinion as Coke was to be independent of the king's will.

If, however, the trial was not a judicial proceeding; if the Senators represented merely the wishes of a party, their path was plain, and the process of impeachment is ridiculous. But this theory is utterly untenable. The President is impeachable for high crimes and misdemeanors. His offenses are specifically alleged. The proof of them, with the rebutting evidence, is presented. The arguments upon both sides are made. The Senators are sworn to decide according to the evidence whether he has committed the offenses charged. If this is not a court, there is no such thing as a court. If impeachment be, as the resolutions of Mr. Sumner assert, purely a political proceeding, can there be any good reason given why the Constitution did not provide that when two-thirds of the Senate think that the public welfare requires the removal of the President, he may be removed? If he is to be removed for violating a law, or his oath, or for any misconduct, certainly he ought not to be so until the offense has been plainly proved. If he is to be removed because he is politically obnoxious, it is surely absurd to arraign him upon charges of specific offenses, and to swear the Senators to decide according to the evidence when their duty is to remove him, not after proof of charges, but whenever they think he ought to be set aside. If he may be removed for what Mr. Sumner calls a political offense, then his theory is, that the President may be removed because he differs with the Senate.

This is an intolerable doctrine. Undoubtedly the Executive authority is, under certain circumstances, subordinated to the Legislative. But the chief magistrate is to be set aside only upon proved specific charges, not for a difference of opinion. Therefore we have always insisted that obstructive as President Johnson unquestionably was, he should not be impeached until he had violated a law, or committed some offense other than pursuing his hostile course within the limits of the Constitution. In removing Mr. Stanton it seemed to us, and still seems, that he violated the law, and we think he should have been removed. But when those who agreed with us attempted to intimidate his judges we felt, and still feel, that their offense was infinitely greater than any charged upon him. We do not agree that that intimidation was honorable argument. It was the ferocity of party-spirit, and the subsequent criticism, as it is called, of the Republican Senators who differed, which consisted in asserting or insinuating that their verdict did not express their real conviction but was the result of personal jealousy, or bribery, seems to us to spring from the same party-spirit. If the motives of those who are elected to the bench, or who are constitutionally called to the bench, as Senators are in an impeachment trial, are to be venomously assailed if they do not judge politically instead of judicially, then one of the most vital safeguards of society, the independence of the Judiciary, is in immediate danger. The resolutions speak of the Dred Scott decision. But the objection to that decision was its *obiter dictum*; its declaration beyond the issue, and beyond the truth of history; and the palpable monstrous effort to strain the law and the fact against humanity and justice. To show this was fairly to criticise the decision. And any one who can show a similar attempt upon the part of any Republican Senator in the late trial, or can prove it to be probable from his antecedents and reputation is bound to do it. But a bald aspersion of motives, a screaming vituperation, is not criticism.

THE HOOSIC TUNNEL.

The Massachusetts Legislature, upon a test vote, shows that it will appropriate five millions of dollars toward the completion of the Hoosic tunnel. Before the resolution was passed Mr. George Walker, of Springfield, made what seems to us a conclusive speech against the policy of prosecuting the enterprise further. His facts were so well marshaled, and his figures so decisive, that the resolution to continue the work only shows how fixed the Legislature believes the public interest and wish in the matter to be.

The Hoosic tunnel is upon the line of a projected railroad from Greenfield in Massachusetts to Troy in New York, and is a bore through the Hoosic Mountain which separates the valley of the Deerfield River from that of the Housatonic. Mr. Walker tells us that the State of Massachusetts has already spent upon the work $5,316,354; and a contracting firm now offers to finish the tunnel with a single track, in seven years, at a contract price of five and a half millions of dollars. Allowing for every thing, Mr. Walker estimates the total cost at $15,031,893. A sinking fund is to be deducted, which will leave the balance to be provided for $13,735,199. The interest of that sum at five per cent. is $686,760, which must be paid out of the net earnings of the road. But the operating expenses must be first paid. If worked as cheaply as the average of lines in the State its gross receipts, in order to pay its interest, must be three times that interest, or $2,060,250, which would give $46,800 a mile, or nearly three times the average earnings of the best lines lying between the tunnel road and the great grain fields of the West, over which lines its traffic must come, and which bring five or even ten times as much freight to New York as can be diverted to Boston. By any fair computation the road will be unable to pay the interest, and the whole principal, nearly $14,000,000, becomes a State debt and every appropriation a State tax. This year it is just three-fifths of that tax. At the end of seven years, if the contract mentioned be executed, the aggregate tax will be nearly seven times the State tax of this year. If the people of the whole State think that they can, under these circumstances, get their flour and pork cheaper through the tunnel than in other ways they will vote the appropriations cheerfully. But Boston capitalists have never been able to take that view.

Mr. Walker, with many other of the best authorities, regards the construction of the road as a mistake. Even its friends feel that it is a failure if it does not go beyond Troy. But Mr. Walker is of opinion that the true line of connection with Lake Ontario lies further to the north upon roads that can be made practicable at a much smaller expense. In any case he would have referred the whole question to a direct vote of the people. But the Legislature did not agree, and unless different counsels prevail the work will be continued. Mr. Walker's speech will remain, however, as one of the clearest and most candid and complete statements of the subject.

DEMOCRATIC INSTINCT.

Nothing affords a clearer illustration of the utter confusion and demoralization of the Democratic party than certain of the party newspapers. The struggle to be upon both sides of the fence at once, to please the peace men and the war men, the repudiators and the honest debtors, is very absurd and very edifying. It is a continuation of the noble Democratic policy during the rebellion, which consisted in supporting the war and opposing its prosecution. The only heartiness left to the party organs is in their sneers at the war, their ribaldry against the colored race, and their hatred of equal rights. Their acceptance of the results of the struggle is reluctant and formal. One of these papers lately published a long article stating what the Democratic platform ought to be. It remarked that the average judgment of the party is that "the late civil war was, by itself, a necessary exercise of the authority of a constitutional government to put down a rebellion." But a few days after the same paper, which had thus formally justified the war, showed its real feeling, the feeling that it could not conceal while the struggle was still pending, by alluding to a phrase in one of Doctor Bellows's letters, which speaks of the cotton-fields of the South: "'*The*' cotton-fields!" exclaims the paper, "'*our*' cotton-fields, Doctor, price, a half-million lives and six thousand times that many dollars, and now growing, under the beneficent ægis of Fereedom, the very best weeds that ever you saw."

This is in the most characteristic Democratic vein. A war which is conceded to be necessary, ends victoriously for the Government, abolishes the most odious slavery, redeems the honor and humanity of the national name, and removes the great disgrace and disaster of the country, and the contemptuous organ of a "Democracy" that did all the dirty work of Slavery can only gibe at "Fereedom."

THE DARIEN CANAL.

In receiving the Chinese Embassy the President made a discursive oration in which he naturally spoke of the means of communication between China and the United States, and remarked that more important than all of them was "the great work of connecting the two oceans by a ship-canal to be constructed across the Isthmus of Darien." Since the tragedy of Lieutenant Strain's exploring expedition very little has been said in this country upon that subject. Those who are interested to know the history of the movement fifteen years ago should consult *Harper's Magazine* for March, April, and May, 1855, in which there is a copious and accurate account of operations to that time. The subject has been reopened by the English Society of Engineers, which has given it the fullest attention since the beginning of this year.

Dr. Cullen has made it a special study, and our information is drawn from his long and minute report. In brief, the line he proposes is from Caledonia Harbor, upon the Atlantic side, to the Gulf of San Miguel upon the Pacific. The whole isthmus is covered with a dense primeval forest broken only by the courses of the rivers; and Dr. Cullen asserts that his route, when thoroughly surveyed, will require less excavation and fewer locks than any other proposed line, with the added advantages of shortness, low elevation, and healthiness. The Cullen line crosses a plain from Caledonia Harbor to a valley between the Agla and Sassardi Mountains; through the valley to the head of the Sucubti River; down the Sucubti to its confluence with the Chuquanaqua; thence through the forest to the Savana River; down the Savana and Tuyra to the Gulf of San Miguel. The length of this line is fifty-eight English miles; canal proper, twenty-seven miles; canalized river, twelve miles; navigation of the Savana and Tuyra, nineteen miles. Allowing for lockage, this distance could be traversed in twenty-four hours. The lowest summit level upon this line is only four miles from the Atlantic side, and is only about two hundred feet high.

The work to be done besides the erection of light-houses, some deepening of channel, and blasting, would be to cut a canal twenty-seven miles long and to canalize the river. A French Commission of Engineers estimated the expense at about $35,000,000. The whole labor might be done by fifteen thousand men in four years; and allowing $400 a year for the wages and food of each, the cost of the labor would be about $24,000,000. The saving of time and money by the canal, according to Dr. Cullen, may be illustrated by the case of a ship with a crew of thirty men from New York to California. By the way of Cape Horn the total expense may be estimated at $13,230, by the Canal at $3969; difference in favor of the Canal, 105 days and $9261. If the cargo were of the value of $100,000, the saving in interest and insurance would be $4042, making the total gain $13,303.

We do not follow Dr. Cullen into further estimates of profits. The advantages of the undertaking need no demonstration. Dr. Cullen believes that a society of some hundreds of scientific and practical engineers will, before long, satisfactorily answer these questions:

"Shall a narrow strip of land, not forty miles across, be allowed any longer to remain a barrier on the highway of nations?

"Shall the engineering genius of the most civilized nation, even with the aids that chemistry places at its service, in gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine, confess itself baffled by the notion of cutting a canal thirty-nine miles long?"

DEMOCRATIC INSULTS TO SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The organs of the Democratic party demand that the war shall be regarded as a settled issue. That is but natural. But why do they not hold by their own demand? The Republicans regard it as so finally settled that they intend to secure its just results. They do not mean to fight the war over again, nor do the people mean to surrender the victory which they have won. Nor do they mean to insult, nor suffer to be insulted, the brave men who, under General Grant, conquered the rebellion despite the hissing of Copperheads in their rear. Four years ago the Democrats went to Chicago and declared the war a failure, and called upon the Government to submit to the rebellion. Now one of its newspapers speaks of the late Convention of Soldiers and Sailors at Chicago as "a body of sutlers who met at Chicago last month, the character of which was apparent from the selection of one Sickles as its permanent President, and its being controlled by one Logan." And again: "While the Chicago Convention was in session there was a side-show of sutlers, including a large number of 'Generals,' who dispensed pepper-sauce, pickles, and Connecticut cigars to the Army of the Potomac." This organ of a party whose leader Seymour contemptuously asked, "Where are the victories that were promised us?" now speaks of these soldiers and their brethren as "those who pretended to fight." It was the "pretended" fighting of "one Sickles," as soldiers and sailors are not very likely to forget, which was so conspicuous at Gettysburg, and the similar pretense of one Logan that carried him triumphantly to Vicksburg with Grant and through Georgia with Sherman. True to this instinct of hostility to the tried heroes of the war the same paper says of General Grant: "This man has been nominated for President by the Chicago Convention...... In August, 1861, he entered the Federal army as a Captain, was transferred to the regular service, where he still remains."

This is the way in which the Democracy propose to regard the war as a settled issue. It will only remind the people that one of the chief causes of thanksgiving for the great victory is, that it settled a party whose Southern wing rebelled, and whose Northern wing did what it could, short of fighting, to make rebellion successful.

PULLING DOWN THE FLAG.

Four years ago it was the Democratic party that called upon the people to surrender. But the people having despised its advice, the party now proposes to surrender itself. Its spokesmen are beginning to exhort the faithful to accept the war. But one more daring than the rest, while its columns teem with ribald abuse of the colored race, actually opposes the great orthodox Democratic doctrine of "the white man's government" and the other fundamental Democratic principle of "down with the niggers!" It ruefully asks: "Since we can *do* nothing about negro suffrage, why not practice the dignity of silence, and say nothing?" It is no longer so sure that a Democratic victory would overthrow all the new State governments at the South. "Even if we could elect a Democratic Senate within the next four years (which we can not), we could neither revive the expunged State governments nor cause the Southern negroes to vote for their own disfranchisement." Then it asks whether the white population can gain exclusive control of the new Southern governments without the assistance of the colored voters, and are those voters likely to support a party which wishes to disfranchise them? Consequently, is it wise to say any thing about negro suffrage in our Tammany platform?

This painful inquiry and the growing feeling among the faithful that the sole hope of a Democratic nomination lies in the name of an ex-Republican chief, shows that the confusion of the party is complete. It also suggests the question why any body should vote to support a party which has no principles of its own, and no candidates of its own? If the Republican policy of Reconstruction is, after all the "we-shall-sees," to be quietly accepted; if the doctrine of equal rights which the Republican party asserts is to prevail; if the opposition are not only to desert their platform, but go out of their ranks for a candidate, it is perfectly plain that their sole object is patronage and plunder. The country will naturally believe that a party whose principle has always been fair play for every man is the proper party to secure that fair play. It will inevitably smile at the profession of the party whose great tradition is hostility to the colored population, of a sudden desire to do them justice and to respect their rights. As for the colored voters themselves, they can be trusted to know their friends now as they knew them during the war.

The suggestion of newspapers which constantly deride this part of the population, that the Southern Democrats shall "convert" them to the Democratic party, is not likely to bear fruit. The success of the effort to convert them to the rebellion was not encouraging. They were told that the Yankees would sell them to Cuba, and do all manner of horrors upon them; but still, in the remotest swamp or forest of the South, hundreds of miles away from the national lines, wherever a Union soldier saw a colored face he knew that he saw the face of a friend. Never once, in all the long story of the war, was there an instance of a soldier betrayed by a colored man. The instinct of liberty, the tradition of their race, that toward the North Star lay the path of redemption, and that the Yankees came from the North, were enough for the true race, and the blandishments and falsehoods of the masters in rebellion were no more seductive than their blood-hounds and paddles in the day of their haughty power.

When James Harris, of North Carolina, a colored leader, said to Mr. Chase that the Southern loyalists knew that the Republican party was their friend, he said what the mass of colored men feel. They are not to be deluded by Mr. Wade Hampton, nor by any architect of a Tammany platform. They may not know that Mr. Horatio Seymour expressed a willingness to let the Union go rather than to abolish slavery; but they do know that the party calling itself Democratic has been their relentless and cruel foe. That party can not save itself in the judgment of the freedmen by catching at Mr. Chase's skirts. It can not commend itself to their confidence by merely omitting to denounce them as gorillas and apes. The colored voters will look at the men who control the Convention; they will learn what their antecedents are; they will know every thing in the relation of that party to their race, and they will be as true to themselves and their rights in the election as they were in the war.

THE TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD UNION SOLDIERS.

From all parts of the country we have the most striking and interesting accounts of the celebration of the day designated for strewing with flowers the graves of the Union soldiers. General Grant was present at the cemetery at Arlington, near Washington, and General Hancock was also there. General Burnside presided at the ceremonies in Rhode Island. In many places business was suspended, and both the numbers that attended and the generous and manly speeches that were made—in no instance that we have seen breathing the least hostile feeling—were just illustrations of the depth and sincerity of the honor in which the memory of the brave boys is held.

LITERARY.

The fourth and last volume of "The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies, by Arthur Helps," has just been published by Harper & Brothers. This work, already familiar to the public, and especially to students of history, has a peculiar interest for us, not only from the luminous and delightful manner in which the story is told, but from the ample and authentic account of the planting of slavery upon this continent, which we have happily seen removed. Mr. Helps's admirable scholarship and literary skill are sufficient earnests of the character of his work; and the publishers have issued it in a very neat and attractive manner, the text being profusely illustrated with convenient maps, which impress the scene of the story vividly upon the reader's mind.

Mrs. Helen S. Conant has discovered a right "royal road" to the study of Natural History, and very pleasantly and practically she points it out to the children in the "Butterfly Hunters," lately issued by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. On the delicate thread of an interesting narrative of adventures in the New England woods she strings a great number of facts in regard to butterflies; not, however, unwisely entering into such detail as children can not understand, but teaching very clearly just enough about the insect to incite a child to wish for further information. It is not the complete treatise of the naturalist, but practically a preparatory lesson in that science, and one that is as entertaining as it is useful and reliable. The numerous illustrations are of the most finished character, and add greatly to the interest and value of the book.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

The actions of both Houses since our last report have been confined principally to the Arkansas admission bill. Several amendments were made, and finally a Committee of Conference had to be appointed. The report of this committee was finally agreed to by both Houses. The following is the bill:

"*Whereas*, The people of Arkansas, as in pursuance of the provisions of an act entitled 'An act for the more efficient government of the Rebel States,' passed March 2, 1867, and the acts supplementary thereto, have framed and adopted a Constitution of State Government which is republican in form, and the Legislature of said State has duly ratified the amendment to the Constitution of the United States, proposed by the Thirty-ninth Congress, and known as Article 14; therefore

"*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled*, That the State of Arkansas is entitled and admitted to representation in Congress as one of the States of the Union upon the following fundamental condition: That the Constitution of Arkansas shall never be so amended or changed as to deprive any citizen or class of citizens in the United States of the right to vote who are entitled to vote by the Constitution herein recognized, except as a punishment for such crimes as are now felonies at common law, whereof they shall have been duly convicted, under laws equally applicable to all the inhabitants of said State; provided that any alteration of said Constitution, prospective in its effect, may be made in regard to time and place of residence of the voters."

NEWS ITEMS.

Jeff. Davis's trial has again been postponed—this time until October.

The State of Virginia finds her treasury so impoverished that it will be impossible to pay the interest on her debt for some years. There is barely enough money in hand to meet expenses.

The official majority in Michigan against a new Constitution, which provided for negro suffrage at the election in April, was 38,826 in a vote of 182,338.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Ex-Governor Eyre, of Jamaica infamy, has virtually been acquitted, the grand jury empaneled for the purpose refusing to take cognizance of the indictment presented against him.

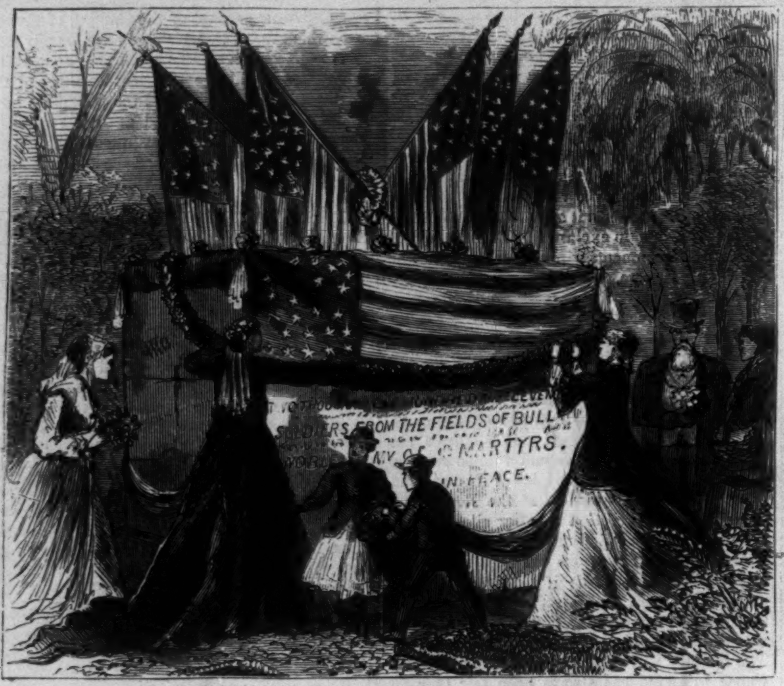
Not only the Chinese, but the other ancient barbarians of Asia and Europe are doing strange things in their day and generation, as witness the late speech of the Sultan of Turkey to his Council of State. Although the traffic in the fair Caucasian and other slaves continue in Constantinople, he announced that "the duty of the State is to preserve under all circumstances the right of every one to liberty." How the present practice may be we can not say, but certainly Christians can not ask or expect of the Mussulman any fairer promises in the matter of religious liberty than these: "As regards religions every one may follow his conviction, and there can be no discussion upon this subject. Nevertheless, whatever the creeds professed by our subjects, they are all children of the same country, and they must not entertain sentiments of contempt or hatred one toward the other on account of the difference of religious beliefs." This begins to look like civilization, indeed, and is the more encouraging from the fact that similar reform movements, looking to the separation of Church and State, are visible in other benighted countries, such as Austria, not to mention England. The adoption of the Civil Marriage bill and other reforms by Austria have been mentioned before. Lately in discussing a bill having for its purpose the separation of Church and State, M. Rokitanski, an Austrian member of the Upper Chamber of the Austrian Parliament, used such phrases as these: "I object to any privilege being given to a particular Church....State religion is not only superfluous but an evil. The State would subject itself to the Church, which is always endeavoring to dominate, and which says it is persecuted when it is not allowed to dominate. The Christian religion itself prohibits intolerance....Christian ethics disavow intolerance. A State Church is not necessary, because domination does not become a Church; because a preference given to one Church is an insult to others; because the privileged Church darkens the minds of its adherents, and fills their hearts with pride." This is remarkable language, coming from its peculiar source; but a still more significant remark was made by the Emperor Francis Joseph on signing the Civil Marriage and other bills, which are in violation of and virtually nullify the Concordat of 1855 with Rome. On giving his signature to these laws he said he had no choice but to do so or abdicate.

The Pope of Rome has sent a recruiting officer to this country to enlist troops to defend Rome against Italy. Garibaldi has protested against this.

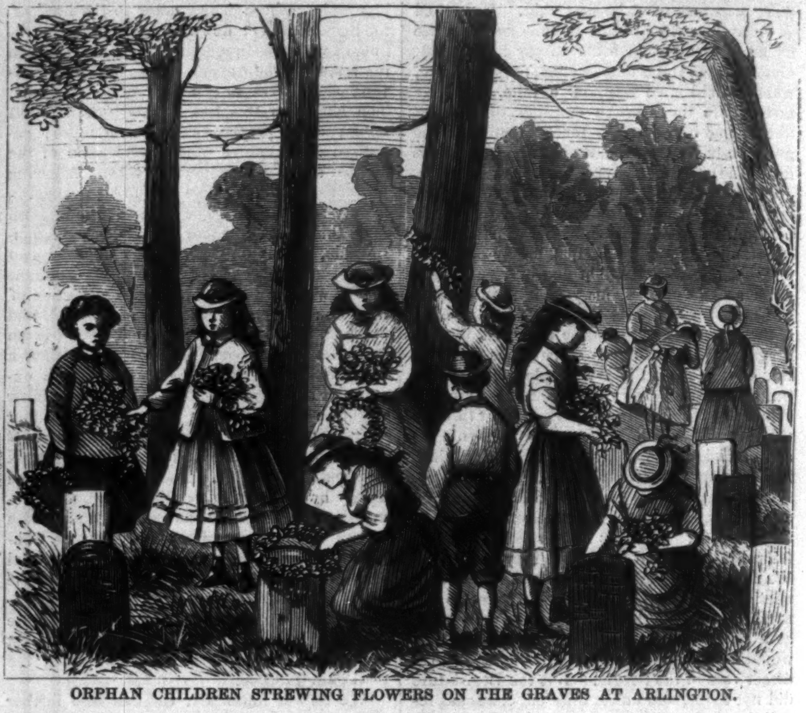
The Venezuelan authorities and rebels have "compromised" their disputes. General Rojas, the chief of the rebels, consents to be Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Republic, and Monagas is to be President. Meantime the elected President, Falcon, has fled no one knows where.

Denmark wants to get rid of the rest of her West India possessions, and has sent a commissioner to Washington with power to treat.

Queen Victoria lately left London for a summer in the country, much to the consternation of the kingdom, or at least the politicians, who want her on the ground at the threatened change in the Cabinet or the dissolution of Parliament. So strong was the feeling caused by this very natural act on the Queen's part that a member of the House advised her to abdicate.


ELEVEN
SOLDIERS FROM THE FIELDS OF BULL
MARTYRS.
IN PEACE.

UNKNOWN SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT ARLINGTON.



ORPHAN CHILDREN STREWING FLOWERS ON THE GRAVES AT ARLINGTON.

DECORATING THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES—CEREMONIES AT ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY C. M. THOMAS.]

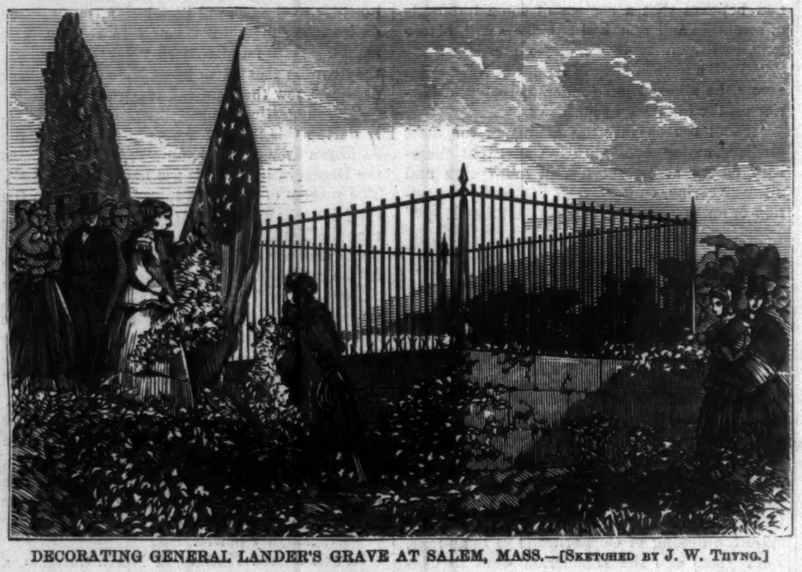
DECORATION OF SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

THE order of General JOHN A. LOGAN to the Grand Army of the Republic, setting apart May 30 as an occasion on which to honor the memory of the dead soldiers of the Union Army, was generally observed, not only by that organization but by our citizens in general.

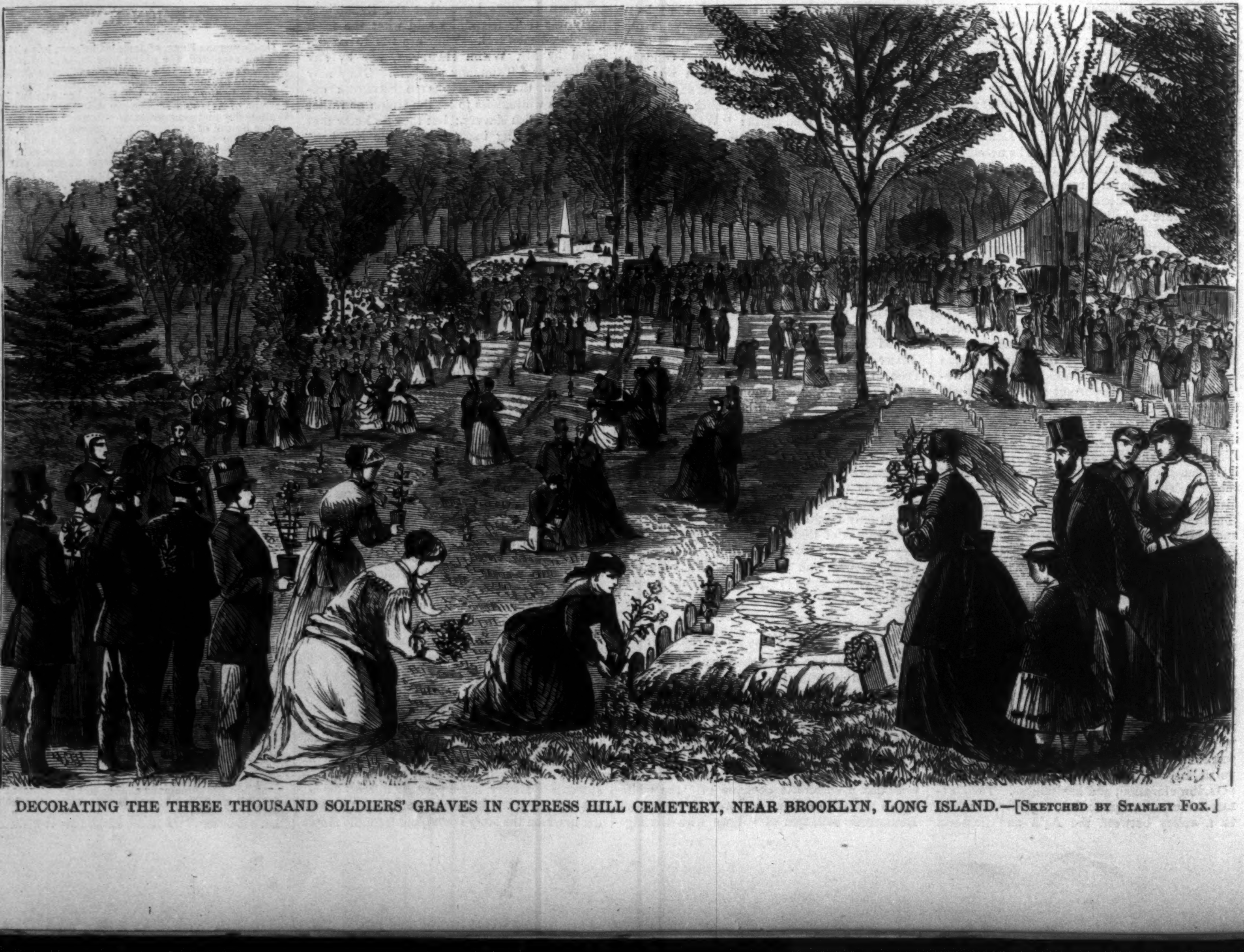
Our illustrations are from several sources. The ceremonies at Arlington, Virginia, the former home of the rebel General LEE, but now a cemetery, were of a most interesting character. Arlington House was decorated with flags and crape and presented a strange and unusual appearance; an oration was delivered by Mr. GARFIELD of Ohio, and an original poem read. After this a procession was formed which moved to the tomb of the unknown soldiers who fell in Virginia during the early part of the war. This tomb is a massive granite structure, bearing an inscription to the effect that beneath the stone reposes 2111 unknown soldiers gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock, whose remains could not be identified by the names and dates of record in the archives. The tomb was tastefully decorated with flags and evergreens. Subsequently the children of the orphan asylum deployed and took positions at the different flower-stands, where they were provided with baskets of flowers, and then proceeded through the cemetery, strewing the flowers upon the mounds as they passed. The ceremony was simple, yet impressive, and many of the spectators followed the procession and added their floral offerings. The scene impressed one more fully with its solemnity as there broke upon the ear at intervals the low booming of a cannon.

Another illustration represents the scene at Salem, Massachusetts, showing more particularly the decoration of the grave of General FREDERICK W. LANDER. The other graves having been decorated, the line was drawn up before the General's resting-place, the band playing a dirge, and after Commander PEIRSON had placed upon the tomb several beautiful emblems prepared by the hands of Mrs. LANDER, the hero's widow, the members of the Grand Army and the soldiers and sailors, uncovered, passed by and each one threw upon the tomb a floral offering.

There are over three thousand Union soldiers buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, near Brooklyn, Long Island, and the scene which here occurred on May 30 was most impressive and yet pleasing. Several thousand old soldiers and citizens marched to the ground, and after listening to an oration, engaged, as our illustration represents them, in the work of decorating the mounds under which the soldiers repose.



DECORATING GENERAL LANDER'S GRAVE AT SALEM, MASS.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG.]



DECORATING THE THREE THOUSAND SOLDIERS' GRAVES IN CYPRESS HILL CEMETERY, NEAR BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

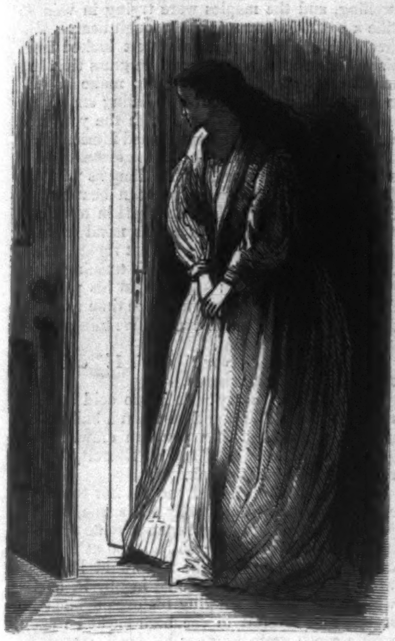
THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER VII.

At the moment when I showed myself in the doorway, Rachel rose from the piano.

I closed the door behind me. We confronted each other in silence, with the full length of the room between us. The movement she had made in rising appeared to be the one exertion of which she was capable. All use of every other faculty, bodily or mental, seemed to be merged in the mere act of looking at me.

A fear crossed my mind that I had shown myself too suddenly. I advanced a few steps toward her. I said gently, "Rachel!"

The sound of my voice brought the life back to her limbs, and the color to her face. She advanced, on her side, still without speaking. Slowly, as if she was acting under some influence independent of her own will, she came nearer and nearer to me; the warm dusky color flushing her cheeks, the light of reviving intelligence brightening every instant in her eyes. I forgot the object that had brought me into her presence; I forgot the vile suspicion that rested on my good name—I forgot every consideration, past, present, and future, which I was bound to remember. I saw nothing but the woman I loved coming nearer and nearer to me. She trembled; she stood irresolute. I could resist it no longer—I caught her in my arms, and covered her face with kisses.

There was a moment when I thought the kisses were returned; a moment when it seemed as if she, too, might have forgotten. Almost before the idea could shape itself in my mind, her first voluntary action made me feel that she remembered. With a cry which was like a cry of horror—with a strength which I doubt if I could have resisted if I had tried—she thrust me back from her. I saw merciless anger in her eyes; I saw merciless contempt on her lips. She looked me over, from head to foot, as she might have looked at a stranger who had insulted her.

"You coward!" she said. "You mean, miserable, heartless coward!"

Those were her first words! The most unendurable reproach that a woman can address to a man was the reproach that she picked out to address to Me.

"I remember the time, Rachel," I said, "when you could have told me that I had offended you in a worthier way than that. I beg your pardon."

Something of the bitterness that I felt may have communicated itself to my voice. At the first words of my reply, her eyes, which had been turned away the moment before, looked back at me unwillingly. She answered in a low tone, with a sullen submission of manner which was quite new in my experience of her.

"Perhaps there is some excuse for me," she said. "After what you have done, it seems a mean action, on your part, to find your way to me as you have found it to-day. It seems a cowardly experiment, to try an experiment on my weakness for you. It seems a cowardly surprise, to surprise me into letting you kiss me. But that is only a woman's view. I ought to have known it couldn't be your view. I should have done better if I had controlled myself and said nothing."

The apology was more unendurable than the insult. The most degraded man living would have felt humiliated by it.

"If my honor was not in your hands," I said, "I would leave you this instant, and never see you again. You have spoken of what I have done. What have I done?"

"What have you done! *You* ask that question of Me?"

"I ask it."

"I have kept your infamy a secret," she answered. "And I have suffered the consequences of concealing it. Have I no claim to be spared the insult of your asking me what you have done? Is *all* sense of gratitude dead in you? You were once a gentleman. You were once dear to my mother, and dearer still to me—"

Her voice failed her. She dropped into a chair, and turned her back on me, and covered her face with her hands.

I waited a little before I trusted myself to say any more. In that moment of silence I hardly know which I felt most keenly—the sting which her contempt had planted in me, or the proud resolution which shut me out from all community with her distress.

"If you will not speak first," I said, "I must. I have come here with something serious to say to you. Will you do me the common justice of listening while I say it?"

She neither moved nor answered. I made no second appeal to her; I never advanced an inch nearer to her chair. With a pride which was as obstinate as her pride, I told her of my discovery at the Shivering Sand, and of all that had led to it. The narrative, of necessity, occupied some little time. From beginning to end she never looked round at me, and she never uttered a word.

I kept my temper. My whole future depended, in all probability, on my not losing possession of myself at that moment. The time had come to put Mr. Bruff's theory to the test. In the breathless interest of trying that experiment, I moved round so as to place myself in front of her.

"I have a question to ask you," I said. "It obliges me to refer again to a painful subject. Did Rosanna Spearman show you the night-gown? Yes, or No?"

She started to her feet; and walked close up to me of her own accord. Her eyes looked me searchingly in the face, as if to read something there which they had never read yet.

"Are you mad?" she asked.

I still restrained myself. I said, quietly, "Rachel, will you answer my question?"

She went on, without heeding me.

"Have you some object to gain which I don't understand? Some mean fear about the future, in which I am concerned? They say your father's death has made you a rich man. Have you come here to compensate me for the loss of my Diamond? And have you heart enough left to feel ashamed of your errand? Is *that* the secret of your pretense of innocence, and your story about Rosanna Spearman? Is there a motive of shame at the bottom of all the falsehood, this time?"

I stopped her there. I could control myself no longer.

"You have done me an infamous wrong!" I broke out hotly. "You suspect me of stealing your Diamond. I have a right to know, and I *will* know, the reason why!"

"Suspect you!" she exclaimed, her anger rising with mine. "*You villain, I saw you take the Diamond with my own eyes!*"

The revelation which burst upon me in those words, the overthrow which they instantly accomplished of the whole view of the case on which Mr. Bruff had relied, struck me helpless. Innocent as I was, I stood before her in silence. To her eyes, to any eyes, I must have looked like a man overwhelmed by the discovery of his own guilt.

She drew back from the spectacle of my humiliation, and of her triumph. The sudden silence that had fallen upon me seemed to frighten her. "I spared you at the time," she said. "I would have spared you now, if you had not forced me to speak." She moved away as if to leave the room—and hesitated before she got to the door. "Why did you come here to humiliate yourself?" she asked. "Why did you come here to humiliate me?" She went on a few steps, and paused once more. "For God's sake say something!" she exclaimed, passionately. "If you have any mercy left, don't let me degrade myself in this way! Say something—and drive me out of the room!"

I advanced toward her, hardly conscious of what I was doing. I had possibly some confused idea of detaining her until she had told me more. From the moment when I knew that the evidence on which I stood condemned in Rachel's mind, was the evidence of her own eyes, nothing—not even my conviction of my own innocence—was clear in my mind. I took her by the hand; I tried to speak firmly and to the purpose. All I could say was, "Rachel, you once loved me."

She shuddered, and looked away from me. Her hand lay powerless and trembling in mine. "Let go of it," she said, faintly.

My touch seemed to have the same effect on her which the sound of my voice had produced when I first entered the room. After she had said the word which called me a coward, after she had made the avowal which branded me as a thief—while her hand lay in mine I was her master still!

I drew her gently back into the middle of the room. I seated her by the side of me. "Rachel," I said, "I can't explain the contradiction in what I am going to tell you. I can only speak the truth as you have spoken it. You saw me—with your own eyes, you saw me take the Diamond. Before God who hears us, I declare that I now know I took it for the first time! Do you doubt me still?"

She had neither heeded nor heard me. "Let go of my hand," she repeated, faintly. That was her only answer. Her head sank on my shoulder; and her hand unconsciously closed on mine, at the moment when she asked me to release it.

I refrained from pressing the question. But there my forbearance stopped. My chance of ever holding up my head again among honest men depended on my chance of inducing her to make her disclosure complete. The one hope left for me was the hope that she might have overlooked something in the chain of evidence—some mere trifle, perhaps, which might nevertheless, under careful investigation, be made the means of vindicating my innocence in the end. I own I kept possession of her hand. I own I spoke to her with all that I could summon back of the sympathy and the confidence of the by-gone time.

"I want to ask you something," I said. "I want you to tell me every thing that happened, from the time when we wished each other good-night, to the time when you saw me take the Diamond."

She lifted her head from my shoulder, and made an effort to release her hand. "Oh, why go back to it!" she said. "Why go back to it!"

"I will tell you why, Rachel. You are the victim, and I am the victim, of some monstrous delusion which has worn the mask of truth. If we look at what happened on the night of your birthday, together, we may end in understanding each other yet."

Her head dropped back on my shoulder. The tears gathered in her eyes, and fell slowly over her cheeks. "Oh!" she said, "have *I* never had that hope? Have *I* not tried to see it, as you are trying now?"

"You have tried by yourself," I answered. "You have not tried with me to help you."

Those words seem to awaken in her something of the hope which I felt myself when I uttered them. She replied to my questions with more than docility—she exerted her intelligence; she willingly opened her whole mind to me.

"Let us begin," I said, "with what happened after we had wished each other good-night. Did you go to bed? or did you sit up?"

"I went to bed."

"Did you notice the time? Was it late?"

"Not very. About twelve o'clock, I think."

"Did you fall asleep?"

"No. I couldn't sleep that night."

"You were restless?"

"I was thinking of you."

The answer almost unmanned me. Something in the tone, even more than in the words, went straight to my heart. It was only after pausing a little first that I was able to go on.

"Had you any light in your room?" I asked.

"None—until I got up again, and lit my candle."

"How long was that after you had gone to bed?"

"About an hour after, I think. About one o'clock."

"Did you leave your bedroom?"

"I was going to leave it. I had put on my dressing-gown; and I was going into my sitting-room to get a book—"

"Had you opened your bedroom door?"

"I had just opened it."

"But you had not gone into the sitting-room?"

"No—I was stopped from going into it."

"What stopped you?"

"I saw a light under the door; and I heard footsteps approaching it."

"Were you frightened?"

"Not then. I knew my poor mother was a bad sleeper; and I remembered that she had tried hard that evening to persuade me to let her take charge of my Diamond. She was unreasonably anxious about it, as I thought; and I fancied she was coming to me to see if I was in bed, and to speak to me about the Diamond again, if she found that I was up."

"What did you do?"

"I blew out my candle, so that she might think I was in bed. I was unreasonable, on my side—I was determined to keep my Diamond in the place of my own choosing."

"After blowing the candle out, did you go back to bed?"

"I had no time to go back. At the moment when I blew the candle out the sitting-room door opened, and I saw—"

"You saw?"

"You."

"Dressed as usual?"

"No."

"In my night-gown?"

"In your night-gown—with your bedroom candle in your hand."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"Could you see my face?"

"Yes."

"Plainly?"

"Quite plainly. The candle in your hand showed it to me."

"Were my eyes open?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice any thing strange in them? Any thing like a fixed, vacant expression?"

"Nothing of the sort. Your eyes were bright—brighter than usual. You looked about in the room as if you knew you were where you ought not to be, and as if you were afraid of being found out."

"Did you observe one thing when I came into the room—did you observe how I walked?"

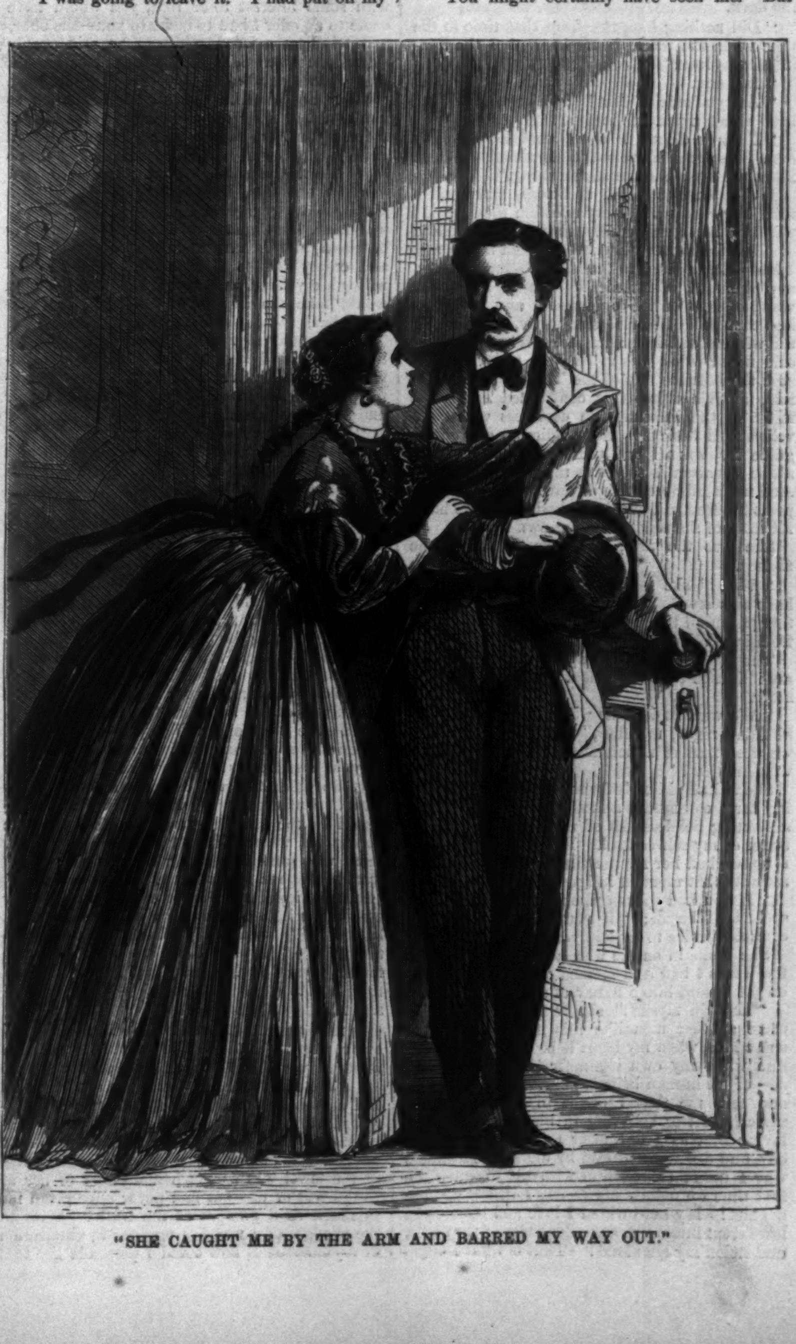
"You walked as you always do. You came in as far as the middle of the room—and then you stopped and looked about you."

"What did you do on first seeing me?"

"I could do nothing. I was petrified. I couldn't speak, I couldn't call out, I couldn't even move to shut my door."

"Could I see you where you stood?"

"You might certainly have seen me. But



"SHE CAUGHT ME BY THE ARM AND BARRED MY WAY OUT."

you never looked toward me. It's useless to ask the question. I am sure you never saw me."

"How are you sure?"

"Would you have taken the Diamond? would you have acted as you did afterward? would you be here now—if you had seen that I was awake and looking at you? Don't make me talk of that part of it! I want to answer you quietly. Help me to keep as calm as I can. Go on to something else."

She was right—in every way, right. I went on to other things.

"What did I do after I had got to the middle of the room and had stopped there?"

"You turned away, and went straight to the corner near the window—where my Indian cabinet stands."

"When I was at the cabinet my back must have been turned toward you. How did you see what I was doing?"

"When you moved, I moved."

"So as to see what I was about with my hands?"

"There are three glasses in my sitting-room. As you stood there I saw all that you did reflected in one of them."

"What did you see?"

"You put your candle on the top of the cabinet. You opened and shut one drawer after another until you came to the drawer in which I had put my Diamond. You looked at the open drawer for a moment. And then you put your hand in and took the Diamond out."

"How do you know I took the Diamond out?"

"I saw your hand go into the drawer. And I saw the gleam of the stone, between your finger and thumb, when you took your hand out."

"Did my hand approach the drawer again—to close it, for instance?"

"No. You had the Diamond in your right hand; and you took the candle from the top of the cabinet with your left hand."

"Did I look about me again after that?"

"No."

"Did I leave the room immediately?"

"No. You stood quite still for what seemed a long time. I saw your face sideways in the glass. You looked like a man thinking, and dissatisfied with his own thoughts."

"What happened next?"

"You roused yourself on a sudden, and you went straight out of the room."

"Did I close the door after me?"

"No. You passed out quickly into the passage, and left the door open."

"And then?"

"Then your light disappeared, and the sound of your steps died away, and I was left alone in the dark."

"Did nothing happen—from that time to the time when the whole house knew that the Diamond was lost?"

"Nothing."

"Are you sure of that? Might you not have been asleep a part of the time?"

"I never slept. I never went back to my bed. Nothing happened until Penelope came in, at the usual time in the morning."

I dropped her hand, and rose, and took a turn in the room. Every question that I could put had been answered. Every detail that I could desire to know had been placed before me. I had even reverted to the idea of sleep-walking, and the idea of intoxication; and, again, the worthlessness of the one theory and the other had been proved—on the authority, this time, of the witness who had seen me. What was to be said next? what was to be done next? There rose the horrible fact of the Theft—the one visible, tangible object that confronted me, in the midst of the impenetrable darkness which enveloped all besides! Not a glimpse of light to guide me, when I had possessed myself of Rosanna Spearman's secret at the Shivering Sand. And not a glimpse of light now, when I had appealed to Rachel herself, and had heard the hateful story of the night from her own lips.

She was the first, this time, to break the silence.

"Well?" she said, "you have asked, and I have answered. You have made me hope something from all this, because *you* hoped something from it. What have you to say now?"

The tone in which she spoke warned me that my influence over her was a lost influence once more.

"We were to look at what happened on my birthday night, together," she went on; "and we were then to understand each other. Have we done that?"

She waited pitilessly for my reply. In answering her I committed a fatal error—I let the exasperating helplessness of my situation get the better of my self-control. Rashly and uselessly, I reproached her for the silence which had kept me until that moment in ignorance of the truth.

"If you had spoken when you ought to have spoken," I began; "if you had done me the common justice to explain yourself—"

She broke in on me with a cry of fury. The few words I had said seemed to have lashed her on the instant into a frenzy of rage.

"Explain myself!" she repeated. "Oh! is there another man like this in the world? I spare him, when my heart is breaking; I screen him when my own character is at stake; and *he*—of all human beings, *he*—turns on me now, and tells me that I ought to have explained myself! After believing in him as I did, after loving him as I did, after thinking of him by day, and dreaming of him by night—he wonders why I didn't charge him with his disgrace the first time we met: 'My heart's darling, you are a Thief! My hero whom I love and honor, you have crept into my room under cover of the night, and stolen my Diamond!' That is what I ought to have said. You villain, you mean, mean, mean villain, I would have lost fifty Diamonds rather than see your face lying to me, as I see it lying now!"

I took up my hat. In mercy to *her*—yes! I can honestly say it—in mercy to *her*, I turned away without a word, and opened the door by which I had entered the room.

She followed, and snatched the door out of my hand; she closed it, and pointed back to the place that I had left.

"No!" she said. "Not yet! It seems that *I* owe a justification of my conduct to *you*. You shall stay and hear it. Or you shall stoop to the lowest infamy of all, and force your way out."

It wrung my heart to see her; it wrung my heart to hear it. I answered by a sign—it was all I could do—that I submitted myself to her will.

The crimson flush of anger began to fade out of her face, as I went back, and took my chair in silence. She waited a little, and steadied herself. When she went on but one sign of feeling was discernible in her. She spoke without looking at me. Her hands were fast clasped in her lap, and her eyes were fixed on the ground.

"I ought to have done you the common justice to explain myself," she said, repeating my own words. "You shall see whether I did try to do you justice or not. I told you just now that I never slept, and never returned to my bed, after you had left my sitting-room. It's useless to trouble you by dwelling on what I thought—you wouldn't understand my thoughts—I will only tell you what I did when time enough had passed to help me to recover myself. I refrained from alarming the house, and telling every body what had happened—as I ought to have done. In spite of what I had seen I was fond enough of you to believe—no matter what!—any impossibility, rather than admit it to my own mind that you were deliberately a thief. I thought and thought—and I ended in writing to you."

"I never received the letter."

"I know you never received it. Wait a little, and you shall hear why. My letter would have told you nothing openly. It would not have ruined you for life, if it had fallen into some other person's hands. It would only have said—in a manner which you yourself could not possibly have mistaken—that I had reason to know you were in debt, and that it was in my experience and in my mother's experience of you, that you were not very discreet, or very scrupulous about how you got money when you wanted it. You would have remembered the visit of the French lawyer, and you would have known what I referred to. If you had read on with some interest after that, you would have come to an offer I had to make to you—the offer, privately (not a word, mind, to be said openly about it between us!), of the loan of as large a sum of money as I could get.—And I would have got it!" she exclaimed, her color beginning to rise again, and her eyes looking up at me once more. "I would have pledged the Diamond myself, if I could have got the money in no other way! In those words, I wrote to you. Wait! I did more than that. I arranged with Penelope to give you the letter when nobody was near. I planned to shut myself into my bedroom, and to have the sitting-room left open and empty all the morning. And I hoped—with all my heart and soul I hoped!—that you would take the opportunity, and put the Diamond back secretly in the drawer."

I attempted to speak. She lifted her hand impatiently and stopped me. In the rapid alternations of her temper, her anger was beginning to rise again. She got up from her chair and approached me.

"I know what you are going to say," she went on. "You are going to remind me again that you never received my letter. I can tell you why. I tore it up."

"For what reason?" I asked.

"For the best of reasons. I preferred tearing it up to throwing it away upon such a man as you! What was the first news that reached me in the morning? Just as my little plan was complete, what did I hear? I heard that you—you!!—were the foremost person in the house in fetching the police. You were the active man; you were the leader; you were working harder than any of them to recover the jewel! You even carried your audacity far enough to ask to speak to *me* about the loss of the Diamond—the Diamond which you yourself had stolen; the Diamond which was all the time in your own hands! After that proof of your horrible falseness and cunning I tore up my letter. But even then—even when I was maddened by the searching and questioning of the policeman, whom *you* had sent in—even then, there was some infatuation in my mind which wouldn't let me give you up. I said to myself, 'He has played his vile farce before every body else in the house. Let me try if he can play it before Me.' Somebody told me you were on the terrace. I went down to the terrace. I forced myself to look at you; I forced myself to speak to you. Have you forgotten what I said?"

I might have answered that I remembered every word of it. But what purpose, at that moment, would the answer have served?

How could I tell her that what she had said had astonished me, had distressed me, had suggested to me that she was in a state of dangerous nervous excitement, had even roused a moment's doubt in my mind whether the loss of the jewel was as much a mystery to her as to the rest of us—but had never once given me so much as a glimpse at the truth? Without the shadow of a proof to produce in vindication of my innocence, how could I persuade her that I knew no more than the veriest stranger could have known of what was really in her thoughts when she spoke to me on the terrace?

"It may suit your convenience to forget; it suits my convenience to remember," she went on. "I know what I said—for I considered it with myself before I said it. I gave you one opportunity after another of owning the truth. I left nothing unsaid that I *could* say—short of actually telling you that I knew you had committed the theft. And all the return you made was to look at me with your vile pretense of astonishment, and your false face of innocence—just as you have looked at me to-day; just as you are looking at me now! I left you that morning knowing you at last for what you were—for what you are—as base a wretch as ever walked the earth!"

"If you had spoken out at the time you might have left me, Rachel, knowing that you had cruelly wronged an innocent man."

"If I had spoken out before other people," she retorted, with another burst of indignation, "you would have been disgraced for life! If I had spoken out to no ears but yours, you would have denied it, as you are denying it now! Do you think I should have believed you? Would a man hesitate at a lie, who had done what I saw *you* do—who had behaved about it afterward as I saw *you* behave? I tell you again, I shrank from the horror of hearing you lie, after the horror of seeing you thieve. You talk as if this was a misunderstanding which a few words might have set right! Well! the misunderstanding is at an end. Is the thing set right? No! the thing is just where it was. I don't believe you *now!* I don't believe you found the nightgown, I don't believe in Rosanna Spearman's letter, I don't believe a word you have said. You stole it—I saw you! You affected to help the police—I saw you! You pledged the Diamond to the money-lender in London—I am sure of it! You cast the suspicion of your disgrace (thanks to my base silence!) on an innocent man! You fled to the Continent with your plunder the next morning! After all the vileness, there was but one thing more you *could* do. You could come here with a last falsehood on your lips—you could come here and tell me that I have wronged you!"

If I had staid a moment more, I know not what words might have escaped me which I should have remembered with vain repentance and regret. I passed by her and opened the door for the second time. For the second time—with the frantic perversity of a roused woman—she caught me by the arm and barred my way out.

"Let me go, Rachel," I said. "It will be better for both of us. Let me go."

The hysterical passion swelled in her bosom—her quickened convulsive breathing almost beat on my face, as she held me back at the door.

"Why did you come here?" she persisted, desperately. "I ask you again—why did you come here? Are you afraid I shall expose you? Now you are a rich man, now you have got a place in the world, now you may marry the best lady in the land—are you afraid I shall say the words which I have never said yet to any body but you? I can't say the words! I can't expose you! I am worse, if worse can be, than you are yourself." Sobs and tears burst from her. She struggled with them fiercely; she held me more and more firmly. "I can't tear you out of my heart," she said, "even now! You may trust in the shameful, shameful weakness which can only struggle against you in this way!" She suddenly let go of me—she threw up her hands and wrung them frantically in the air. "Any other living woman would shrink from the disgrace of touching him!" she exclaimed. "Oh, God! I despise myself even more heartily than I despise *him!*"

The tears were forcing their way into my eyes in spite of me—the horror of it was to be endured no longer.

"You shall know that you have wronged me, yet," I said. "Or you shall never see me again!"

With those words I left her. She started up from the chair on which she had dropped the moment before: she started up—the noble creature!—and followed me across the outer room, with a last merciful word at parting.

"Franklin!" she said, "I forgive you! Oh, Franklin! Franklin! we shall never meet again. Say you forgive *me!*"

I turned, so as to let my face show her that I was past speaking—I turned, and waved my hand, and saw her dimly, as in a vision, through the tears that had conquered me at last.

The next moment the worst bitterness of it was over. I was out in the garden again. I saw her, and heard her, no more.

WHEN IS EVERETT COMING?

MOTHER HUBBARD lived in a little yellow house with a green and white door, and a row of sugar-maples before it. She did not keep a dog, but she kept two pigs and seven children.

There was never in the whole house so much as ten dollars in ready money unless it was just before tax-day; but as nobody in town, excepting it might be the village merchant, and, mayhap, the doctor, was any better off, her position and relative wealth was as though she had lived on Beacon Street, kept a carriage, and never did any thing so vulgar as to walk across the Common.

Indeed she did keep a carriage: a high-backed wagon, with yellow body and without springs; and she kept a meek fat horse that did the family plowing, and was also family pleasure horse. The last duty was not severe though, for nobody ever went any where but to mill and meeting, and once in a month or so to the store in a neighboring village.

Mrs. Hubbard spun the yarn, wove the cloth, and made the clothes for these seven small bodies. She cooked their dinners, mended their manners, kept the house, and never thought of help from any but her own two hands. Up in the morning with the robins, she never stopped until she went to bed, where, fortunately for her taxed body, Puritan thrift sent her at robin-time also, which was quite a saving in candles, you see. And every body has heard how much a penny saved amounts to. Indeed, Mrs. Hubbard's wealth, as well as her neighbors', chiefly consisted in this sort of negative riches.

One May morning, when the lilac-buds were swelling, and the maples were trying in vain to hide a beautiful secret in their rough hearts, Mother Hubbard's eldest son Everett looked from his bedroom-window, and saw the grass that had been working hard for a month to make its way in the world covered with fast-falling snow. It was a very pretty sight, as though the yard had been covered with sea-green frosted illusion; but of course no such thought was suggested to Everett. In the first place, such a thing as "frosted illusion" suggested had never been heard of at Cranberry Heath; and if every girl in town had trimmed her hat with it Everett's mind was not of such sentimental order. In that regard he did better credit to Mother Hubbard's training.

"Can't pile wood to-day," said his practical thoughts. "May as well take the time to go for the things mother wants over at Wilmington."

Accordingly he went.

"Can't I go with you? Can't I?" cried one of the least little Hubbards.

"Oh no, not to-day! It is too cold and too stormy. Wait till some time when I build a fire under my coat, and then you can crawl in and go nice as a cotton hat," replied Everett, tying a red tippet around his neck.

The little Guy was old enough not to expect such a fairy tale would really come true, but yet young enough and poetical enough to be consoled by the charming picture; so he stood at the window thinking just how the fire would look and what a ride that would be sitting by it, as the white-nosed horse, winking his eyes against the storm, and Everett in the high-backed wagon, with a green umbrella over his head, started up the road together.

Everett had not gone far, only down the first hill and around the first corner, when in the midst of a strip of pine-land through which the road ran, a chaise, one of the first ever seen in Cranberry Heath, passed him, drawn by a spotted horse. As it dashed by the driver looked out to bow with a touch of his hat and a flourish of his hand, and Everett saw him to be Byron Kitchen, the son of his very next neighbor.

"See that!" said Everett, aloud, in his surprise. "That comes from going to the city. I mean to go."

So all the rest of the way to and from Wilmington he made plans, and made them to such good purpose that the next week when Byron Kitchen returned to the city Everett went with him.

And this was the beginning of a little style and an occasional luxury that crept into Mother Hubbard's household. Every August Everett came home with the latest fashion in a hat on his head, a gay tie on his neck, pomatum enough to oil a wagon on his hair, and the smell of the city all over him. He always brought a box full of loaf-sugar and oranges, a superior article of tea, fancy crackers, and fresh fruit; and another smaller box, full of glass jewelry and toys, books with bright covers, and a dress or cap for his mother. So that Everett's coming was like finding the end of the rainbow.

"What a shocking fence, mother! you have seen it fall away board by board, and you don't realize how horridly it looks as one does just from abroad. And, mother, the house needs paint badly outside and in," said he, upon one of these Augusts.

"I know it, Everett, but I have not the money to spare in this way," replied Mother Hubbard.

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness about the money, mother," replied Everett, rattling some pennies and a silver pencil-case in his pocket.

Mother Hubbard said no more, but went off to her churning; and the next day Mr. Beggs and Mr. M'Fadden came, the one with his whitewash and paint-pots, and the other with boards and nails. And when the work was done the workmen were so mercenary they wanted their pay.

"Mother shall not be troubled about it," said Everett, who had only what money he needed to take him back to the city and to buy some cologne and candy for his sisters. So he cast about him.

"There is Cummings. I can get it of Cummings," he decided.

Mr. Cummings was a sort of rural broker. He did not keep an office with his name over the door, as some brokers do; but he had money, and he stood at the corners and looked to the east and the west, and the north and the south, to see who was coming; and one day he saw Everett Hubbard coming.

"Can you lend me a hundred or so for a few days, Mr. Cummings?" began Everett. "Just starting in business, as I have done, makes me a little short, and if you can let me have that amount for—well, call it two months if we make a note at all; I am not particular about the time."

Mr. Cummings took his hands from his pockets, twitched down his vest, and put his hands back into his pockets again. "I should like to accommodate you first-rate," he answered, in a sprawling tone, "but I haven't any such sum of money by me. However, I don't know but I might get it over at Hampton. I wouldn't mind riding over there and trying it the last of the week, if your mother will put her name on the note too."

"The last of the week won't be soon enough. I must go back to the city to-morrow night, at farthest," replied Everett.

Mr. Cummings pushed up his hat and rubbed his head thoughtfully with his forefinger. "I should be glad to accommodate," he repeated. "And I am not sure but I can get the money of one or two of the neighbors. If you will bring me down the note this evening, with your mother's name on it, I will let you know what luck I have had. The old lady has been very kind in sickness to my folks, and I am willing to do any thing to accommodate."

So, at evening, Everett came again, bringing the note, with his name in such a bold, strong hand that it seemed as good as the gold almost of itself, and indorsed in his mother's hard-working, conscientious handwriting.

"A mere form, mother; I shall send up the money as soon as I get back to the city, but old Cummings will be better satisfied—and he is *right*. These business forms should be respected by business men," said Everett.

Once back, however, among the duties and pleasures of his city life Everett forgot such a trifle as this, until six months after, when one of his brothers wrote, "Mr. Cummings says tell you when are you going to pay him that money?"

"Tell him I shall be up before very long—in July, or in August, sure—and I will see him then. I suppose he doesn't care as long as it is upon interest," replied Everett. And one of the boys was sent down before breakfast to tell Mr. Cummings; for Mother Hubbard was so contracted in her ideas that a debt was to her next to a sin.

When, however, Everett really came she felt at once relieved and easy, and so did Mr. Cummings.

"How about that money, Everett?" said he, one day.

"That money? Oh yes, Mr. Cummings. I don't happen to have it by me now, but I will hand it to you before I leave," replied Everett. However, it did not prove to be convenient at any time, and such a trifle made little difference either way. But Mr. Cummings, although he needed it no more than he needed the wings of a peacock, liked to look at his money pretty often, and accordingly grew uneasy.

"Mrs. Hubbard, when is Everett coming?" he asked, as they came up the hill together from a "five o'clock service" in the school-house one Sunday.

"I don't expect him before another summer, if we are all well, and nothing happens," answered Mrs. Hubbard, who always felt when she saw Mr. Cummings as though the hundred dollars was written on her forehead.

"I was rather depending on the money to use. I am thinking of buying some fat cattle this fall. I suppose it might come through safely by mail; but I wouldn't wish it sent that way at *my* risk. Perhaps he will see somebody coming up this way; and possibly I can borrow somewhere just to make *a do* of it till then."

If the hundred dollars had been all coined in iron half-pennies they need not have pressed heavier than they did on Mother Hubbard's heart as she went on, with her scissors dangling from a long cord to the string of her apron that she had put on when she was getting supper, and forgotten, in the press of work and hurry, to take off.

After this not even little Guy could go down the road without being asked by Mr. Cummings, who seemed to stand at the corners on purpose to say it, "When is Everett coming?"

Summer after summer Everett came and Everett went. He always brought a box or two of city dainties, for he was generous, and a train of city friends, for he was social; but it never happened quite convenient to "hand the money" to Mr. Cummings. In fact, he never thought of the insignificant affair excepting when Mr. Cummings himself spoke of it; and it so fell out that at these times he had imperative use for his money, or "hadn't it by" him at the moment. But he sent a box of very nice oranges to Mr. Cummings, and gave Mrs. Cummings a smart cameo pin large enough for a coach window, with a setting twice as yellow as gold.

Thus the years passed, and Everett's younger brothers, one by one, went out into the busy world, each to find a wider place for work than Cranberry Heath, until Mother Hubbard was left with only her girls.

One April night at frog-peep Mrs. Hubbard was mixing bread in the pantry.

"Mother, get your hands out of the flour as soon as you can. Somebody is knocking *very loud*," cried her daughter Gratia, who was afflicted from her birth, and had never walked.

"Yes, yes, directly," answered Mrs. Hubbard. Then, after a moment of stirring and scraping, she came out with flour on her nose and a quick, thrifty step; and opening the green and white front-door, there stood Mr. Cummings and his dumpy wife, who always walked like a wash-tub drawn by a string.

That they had come for a ceremonious call was evident by their coming to the front instead of the kitchen door, and by knocking instead of walking in; accordingly Mother Hubbard took them into the parlor.

For a while they talked over the neighborhood news, of who had cleaned house, who had measles, and who had "killed;" but Mr. Cummings took advantage of the first pause to put the usual question.

"I understand Everett is going to get married. When is he coming up?"

"I don't expect him before hot weather. About the time he generally comes," replied Mother Hubbard, fully conscious of what was written in her forehead.

"Like enough it will be convenient for him to take up that note now. Folks are most always pretty flush of money when they are getting married. I know of a chance to get nine per cent., and I should like to have it paid first rate. *You* are beholden for it, I suppose you know, neighbor Hubbard; still I wouldn't like to press it to your inconvenience."

"Yes, Mr. Cummings, I will see that you have your money," replied Mother Hubbard, desperately; and immediately upon that Mr. Cummings nudged his wife that it was "time to be going; cows to fodder and turn out yet to-night."

So they went out into the moist, musical evening, and Mother Hubbard staid in her kitchen with her afflicted daughter, her work, and her troubled thoughts. Her boys were all prospering and all ready to help; but she was never a woman to ask another to do for her what she could do for herself; and she lay awake that night and thought.

"I hate to part with any of the homestead; but I suppose Chatterbrand would be glad of the west wood lot. There is nothing I can spare any better. No; I *can't* sell Dolly, nor one of the cows. The wood lot must go this time," she decided at last, just as the robins began to call at dawn of day.

The day after Mr. Chatterbrand bought the land for half the value of its timber, Mr. Cummings had his money, and when Everett came in the next August with his pretty bride he brought six cans of orange and pine-apple jelly, and the most beautiful gold-lined berry-spoon that had ever been seen in Cranberry Heath.

TENNYSON'S POETRY.

IN the glow of Tennyson's light Wordsworth's has paled almost to the point of extinction. There are so few instances of resemblance between the two poets, that it is hardly worth while to point out the difference. Tennyson's poetry is not slowly gathered out of meditation on external objects; it springs from a creative force, a vital inspiration and impetuous movement of the brain or heart, or both, which agitates every thought, and constrains every outward form of existence to sympathy with its own varying moods. Nature is compelled to consort with his fervent Genius. Under his dominion she is seldom suffered to rest. All her attributes undergo a change in the transitions of his swift emotion. In one of its phases Time is a maniac, scattering dust, and Life a fury, slinging flame; in another, the stars are innumerable cold, pitiless eyes; in another, the blossoms dropped by the laburnum are wells of fire; in almost all there is a stir and glow, endless vibration, without any apparent point of rest. Goldsmith's "pensive hour" is unknown to Tennyson; his thought is passionate, not still. All his perceptions are intense. His pictures are colored as vividly as Turner's; his piercing vision descries objects unseen by ordinary eyes, assembles images from far-off worlds, and concentrates a whole universe of beauty into the space of a single line. In his power of concentration he is equaled by only one other poet, and that one is Dante. But he has not the sustained power of Dante, because he has not the same capability of repose. It is in the prophet's chariot of fire that he ascends his heaven of invention, and woe be to the mortal man who seeks to hang on to that flaming car! Yet how many do seek it—how many, clinging to its blazing wheels, rise but a short way to fall down in a fatal swoon, which leaves them delirious forever! That they should mistake this delirium for the spirit of the prophet is a thing worthy of lamentation, but it is inevitable that their mistake should last till they have passed away altogether, and posterity has decided on their claims. What matter? say some indulgent critics. Why should they not enjoy a pleasant delusion? And if their works obtain a temporary popularity, who should grudge it to them? To this we reply—It is of infinite matter to art that bad art should be suppressed, and it is a subject for serious regret that a great poet should have given the impulse to an evil fashion. The school of Tennyson is sensuous as the school of Wordsworth was spiritual. A tendency to excess in warmth of color and in passionate sensation, which distinguishes Tennyson as a poet, is so exaggerated by his disciples as to approach insanity. They are in a perpetual whirlwind; their consciousness of life consists in successive storms of passion; they are perpetually on the fret; and Nature, which, according to Wordsworth, never did betray the heart that loved her, assaults them with perpetual rage and unlimited treacheries. No peaceful green spots for them! Every blade of grass is a tongue of fire; every branch of a tree is an inimical, cruel arm; the stars throb like fevered pulses; the morning dew-drop is a scalding tear; the heavens are either lurid or so importunately blue that they affect the soul with a sense of oppression; seas are streaked in crimson as with blood; kisses are red; thoughts are red; corn-fields are sanguinary with the fatal poppy's dye; you move in a general conflagration; trouble and heat prevail every where; nothing is comfortable, and nothing is cool. The compensation which the poets seek from this state of things is an occasional excess of bliss—a swooning under too much sweetness—a joy prolonged upon the edge of pain—a languor generated by overwhelming perfume—an intoxication proceeding from too deep a draught of beauty—a sharp agony from the sight of a woman's hair—a general smothering under silken hangings and purple coverlets. This poisonous luxury may be welcome as a variety of pain, but it is very unlike peace. It is mere physical excitement; and it has no tendency to exalt the imagination.

Another fault of this school of poetry is a prodigality of imagery. Images succeed each other so fast that they cease to make an impression; and the mind of the reader is overloaded and weary. The highest art of the poet suggests more than it gives, and leaves the stimulated imagination with space for fresh weaving, and a margin for some further embroideries of the fancy. When this is done there is a spiritual union between the poet and his disciple; and there is a great delight afforded by the consciousness of an intellectual expansion and growing sensibilities. A little song introduced into a work called "Phantasies," by a writer too little known as yet, may be quoted here as a model of this kind of excellence:

"Alas! how easily things go wrong—
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

"Alas! how hardly things go right—
'Tis hard to watch, in a summer night,
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,
And the summer night is a winter day."

There is a whole history of sweet sorrow suggested in these two simple stanzas—suggested, not told. The reader's fancy is touched with the sad music of this compassionate strain; not limited by exact details of the broken promise, the lost hope, or the shame and the separation. A profound pathos surrounds the subjects thus dealt with; it leaves food for tender meditation and sacred pity. The seed of sympathy thus dropped in the heart has room to strike deep roots and and bring forth fruit and flower.

An author of the more fashionable school, the school of excess, would never have left the topic so unfettered. How many cold moons, how many crimson suns, how many quivering stars, how many leapings of hot blood, how many stings and agonies, how many images of death and slaughter and rapine, how many curses on false creeds and disquisitions on criminal codes, and racking winds, and cracking leaves, and sea storms, and fiery embracings, and wild pulsations, such a poet would have brought to bear upon the song, till the listener sank beneath the burden, unable to conceive another idea!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE SEAT OF CIVILIZATION—A chair.

A STORY OF SCIENCE.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT IT.

A philosopher sat in his easy-chair,
  Looking as grave as Milton;
He wore a solemn and mystic air
  As he Canada balsam spilt on—
A strip of glass, as a slide to prepare
  For a mite taken out of his Stilton.

He took his microscope out of his case,
  And settled the focus rightly;
The light thrown back from the mirror's face
  Came glimmering upward brightly.
He put the slide with the mite in place,
  And fixed on the cover tightly.

He turned the instrument up and down,
  Till getting a proper sight, he
Exclaimed—as he gazed with a puzzled frown,
  "Good gracious!" and "Hoity-toity!
The sight is enough to alarm the town—
  A mite is a monster mighty!"

From t'other end of the tube, the mite
  Regarded our scientific—
To its naked eye, as you'll guess, the sight
  Of a man was most terrific;
But reversing the microscope, made him quite
  The opposite of magnific.

"One sees the truth through this tube so tall,"
  Said the mite as it squinted through it;
"Man is not so wondrously big, after all,
  If the mite-world only knew it!"

MORAL.

Mem.—Whether a thing is large or small,
  Depends on the way you view it!

EXTRACT FROM A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE FIRST COUPLE.

BY A DISTANT RELATIVE.

Adam was a good husband; he spent his evenings (and a good many of his days) at home; he had no business engagements "down street" after dark, nor did he belong to a club. His sleep was undisturbed by the effects of dissipation or nightmares of the stock-market; hence was calm and refreshing.

Eve, so far as we know, spent little of her time and money in "shopping," and it is not probable that she had ever heard of "Stewart's," that Mecca of American women. She never sent Adam to a restaurant for his meals on Mondays because they were "washing-days," nor made his life miserable by reason of semi-annual "house-cleanings." She was not a heartless woman of the world, nor did she ever indulge in gossip or scandal.

Her amusements were few; she cared little for opera or ball, but she probably attended the matinées of Nature's songsters in the open air, where usher, programme, and reserved seats were unknown.

Eve was frugal, contented, and happy, moving serenely in first circles, and, undoubtedly, Adam loved her devotedly. Mr. Milton, who appears to have esteemed the family highly, intimated as much, and we have no doubt that he knew. We regret to add that misfortune eventually came upon this happy family. Eve unfortunately became involved in a transaction in fruit (apples, principally) in which Adam was involved, and their property, including the "homestead," passed out of their possession, and they were obliged to seek a residence elsewhere.

A peddler in his cart, overtaking another of his class, was addressed, "Hallo, what do you carry?" "Drugs and medicines," was the reply. "Go ahead," was the rejoinder, "I carry grave-stones."

TO MARY ANN.

When morning gilds the pearly lawn,
  And sunlit skies you scan,
When night's dark curtains are withdrawn,
  Arise, my Mary Ann!

When chanticleer proclaims the day,
  And rosy grow the skies,
When all the stars have fled away,
  My Mary Ann, arise!

When, that the day is coming soon,
  A thousand signs declare,
Oh, don your kirtle and your shoon,
  And steal adown the stair!

But by my chamber door abide,
  To do this hest of mine:
You'll find I've put my boots outside—
  Oh, TAKE THEM DOWN TO SHINE!

"How fortunate I am in meeting a *rain-beau* in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day to her *beau* of promise who *happened* along with an umbrella.

"And I," said he, gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander when he has caught a *rein-deer*."

An eminent journalist has offered a reward of $1000 for a tale that will make his hair stand on end. Before ambitious authors enter the field of competition it may be well for them to understand that the generous journalist is perfectly bald.

"THE LATEST FASHIONS."—As a lady of fashion now spends so much time and labor on her dress, it may be very fairly designated her "*toilette!*"

"LIGHT" REFRESHMENT—"Cork" whisky.

ORGAN BLOWING.—A subscription paper was lately circulated with the following object in view: "We subscribe and pay the amount opposite our names for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same!"

OPEN-AIR SERVICES—Police duties.

TO THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER—Who borrows the season when it's Lent?

A "DICTIONARY WORD."

"John," said a master tanner in South Durham to one of his men, "bring in some fuel."

John walked off, revolving the word in his mind, and returned with a pitchfork.

"I don't want this," said the wondering tanner; "I want fuel, John."

"Beg your pardon," replied the man, "I thought you wanted something to turn over the skins."

And off he went again, not a whit wiser, but ashamed to confess his ignorance. Much meditating (as Lord Brougham would say), he next pitched upon the besom, shouldering which he returned to the counting-house. His master was in a passion.

"What a stupid ass you are, John!" he exclaimed; "I want some sticks and shavings to light the fire."

"O-h-h-h!" rejoined the rustic, "that's what you want, is it? Why couldn't you say so at first, master, instead of using a London dictionary word?"

And, wishful to show that he was not alone in his ignorance, he called a comrade to the tanner's presence, and asked him if he knew what fuel was.

"Ay!" answered Joe, "ducks and geese, and sike like!"

AN "ENGAGING" OCCUPATION—The hiring of servants.

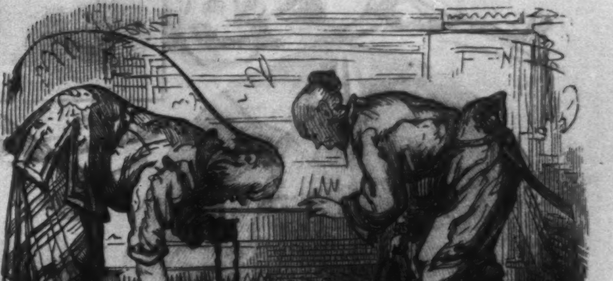
WHAT IS IT?

You see her in the merry dance—
  She seems to fly;
But you don't see that rapid glance
  From her bright eye
Flash through the long and crowded room;
He only sees that glance, to whom
  It brings extreme felicity;
    That's *electricity!*

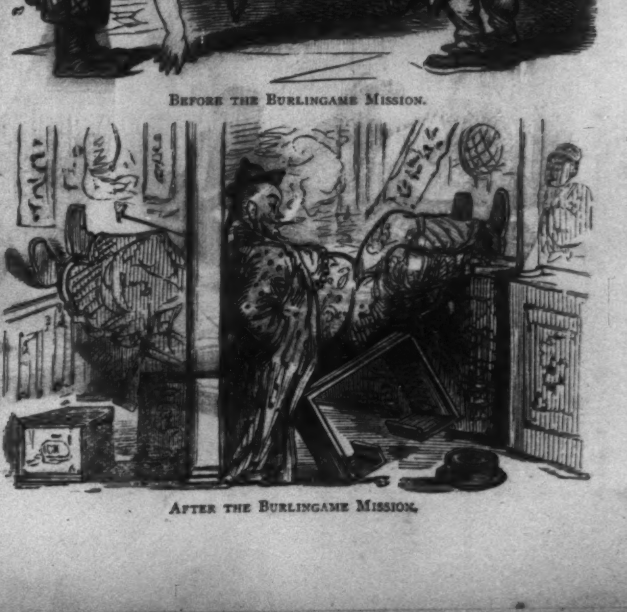
They dance *together*, full of grace,
  She clings so close;
And on his shoulder rests her face—
  A blushing rose!
Life in that hour seems doubly sweet,
They see it through a rosy prism;
  Their hands so long and often meet;
    That's *galvanism!*

The night has come to him, but still
  No sleep has brought;
To *her*, though quite against his will,
  Flies every thought!
In vain a struggle is with facts;
In vain is all such heroism.
  Too powerfully she attracts;
    That's *magnetism!*

CHINESE MANNERS.



BEFORE THE BURLINGAME MISSION.



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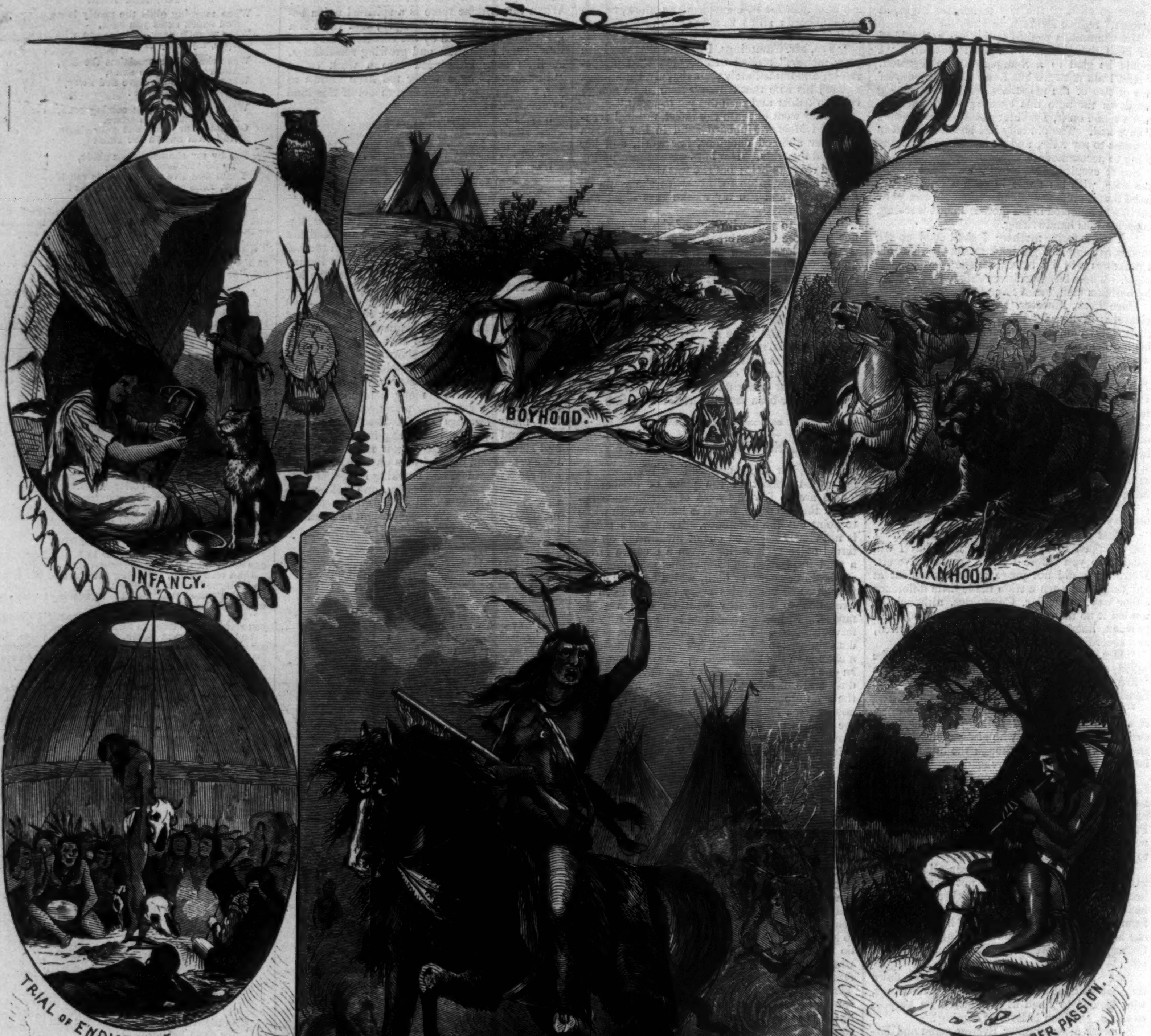
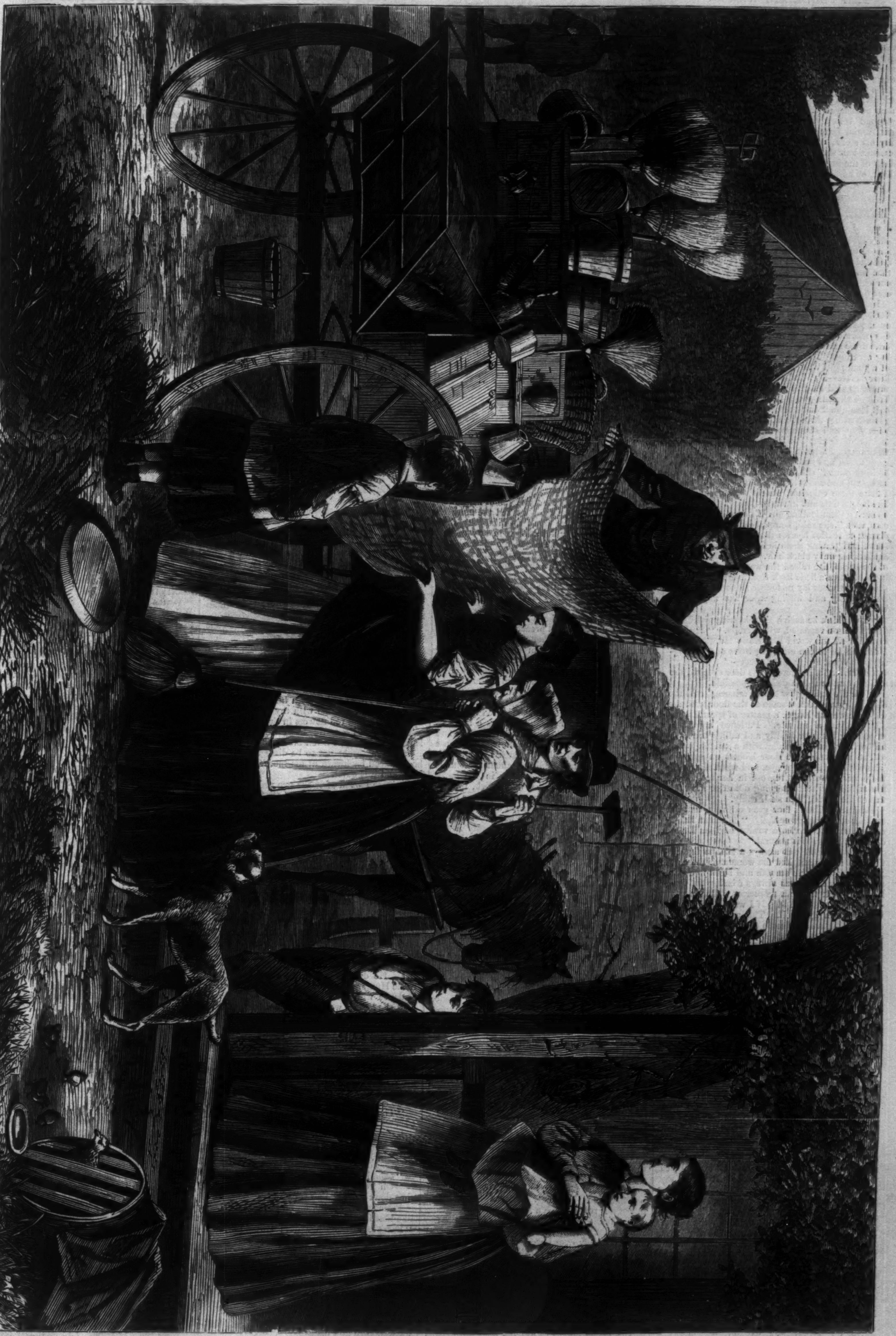

INFANCY.
BOYHOOD.
MANHOOD.
TRIAL OF ENDURANCE.
THE FIRST SCALP.
THE TENDER PASSION.
MEDICINE. LODGE.
SCALP DANCE.
FUNERAL CEREMONY.

THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN.—DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE PEDDLER'S WAGON.—Drawn by C. G. Bush.—[See Page 394.]

THE PEDDLER'S WAGON.

WHEREVER there are few or no stores, but wherever there are civilized women with the civilized taste for dress, the peddler's wagon is certain to be found, and proof of the accuracy of our engraving to be adduced on any fine summer morning. The accuracy will not, however, be disputed; but all our distant country readers will smile their recognition of the truthfulness of our engraving on page 393. The peddler's wagon—that occasional visitor at the farm-house—has stopped before the substantial dwelling of a substantial farmer, and the peddler is displaying his stock, which embraces every thing from camel's-hair shawls to penny cigars, to the young lady of the mansion, while the rest of the family look, or hasten forward to look on.

PATIENCE WILSON, QUAKERESS.

To rebel against the circumstances that define one's lot in life, to feel out of place in one's own home, to mutiny against parental instruction, and find inclination and judgment repealing laws that have become invested with sacredness in our childhood, is not attended with comfort or ease or peace of mind.

Patience Wilson, a birthright member of the Society of Friends, was not comfortable, or easy, or at peace as she arrayed herself for the Sunday morning meeting and subjected her plain drab dress and simple straw bonnet to a disparaging scrutiny. There was a vision in her mind of a young girl who had passed that way half an hour before—a girl whose delicate muslin dress was sprinkled all over with exquisite pink rose-buds nestling in green leaves—a girl who wore soft lace about her neck, a brooch of gold and garnets at her throat, and on her head a bonnet with loops and streamers of bright ribbon and a cluster of scarlet French flowers for the face-trimming. Patience Wilson looked down on her drab dress, and her lip curled. "Such a dead-looking thing!" she muttered. "It has the real sackcloth-and-ashes look for all the world. Bah! I hate these colorless, lifeless shades, and I do like bright tints and intense coloring. I wouldn't be such a plain-looking girl if I dared consult my own taste," she said, complacently, picking up a cluster of scarlet berries that lay upon her little stand and placing them inside her straw bonnet against her wavy black hair. Then, with a touch of the comb, she raised the waves of glossy hair, brushed them a little back from her temples, and the raven tresses lay no longer smooth and sleek, but rippling and waving after the way of the world.

"I wouldn't be such a plain-looking girl," Patience Wilson repeated, with a smile. "My hair looks for all the world like Katie Hunter's, and I don't have to use crimping-irons and curling-tongs. What a pity that I can't—"

The arrival of a figure at the door checked the soliloquy and made a dialogue possible.

"We are waiting for thee, Patience," said the elderly, grave-faced woman at the door, and the dialogue was no longer a matter of speculation.

"Yes, in a minute," Patience answered, smoothing her hair hastily and taking the scarlet berries from her bonnet with a sudden jerk.

The woman at the door looked on gravely. There was grief in her eye, and when she spoke there was a world of reproof in her tone. "I am afraid thy heart is going out after the vanities of the world," she said, sadly.

Patience Wilson's face grew crimson, and she replied, somewhat resentfully, "Thee can hardly call a bunch of berries a vanity, and, as for the curl in my hair, it is natural."

"Yes, thy hair was always a trial to thy mother and me," remarked the woman at the door. "It never would lie smooth and sleek five minutes at a time, but was always frizzing up, making thee look fit for a scarecrow. That's right—put some water on it. If I was in thy place I would use a little oil. The next time I cut quinces I'll save thee some of the seeds, and thee can make a wash to keep thy hair in place. There is nothing looks more discreditable in a young girl than to see her hair standing in all directions. Now hurry up, Patience! It looks so unseemly to enter the meeting after it has begun. Couldn't thee straighten that little curl down by the side of thy face? It looks careless and untidy."

"I never can get ready in the world with thee looking at me," exclaimed Patience Wilson, impatiently. She seized the offending curl and thrust it behind her ear with no gentle motion. It was the one little pet lock she had saved to relieve the plainness of her face. "There!" she added, in a vexed tone, "I hope I look prim enough to suit thee!"

The woman at the door sighed heavily, as she answered, "Thee should be a pattern to thy younger brothers and sisters, Patience. Thee should be worthy of thy name. But I won't look at thee any longer. It is getting late, and the singers went to St. John's nearly an hour ago. Come, Rebecca," she said, addressing a girl a few years Patience's junior who had just entered—"come with me, and don't hinder thy sister."

"I won't hinder her," answered the girl. "And I will come when she is ready."

She seated herself on the chair by the side of her sister's little mirror with intent to watch her.

Patience ran her eye over the girl with the same disparaging scrutiny she had bestowed on her own dress.

"Thee looks like a dud," was the severe comment of this girl whose name was Patience, and who was expected to be a pattern.

"Why Aunt Phebe said my hair was combed very nicely, and that I looked as neat as a pin!" exclaimed the younger girl, in amazement.

"Bah! We Quaker girls all look as if we had been soaked in water and dried in the sun until we had faded to a lifeless drab, and then been smeared over with shiny starch, and ironed flat and smooth," exclaimed Patience. "Thee has got the most lovely complexion for blue!"

The young girl gave a sidelong glance into the mirror. "Thee would like us to dress like the Hunter girls, wouldn't thee?" she asked.

"Something that way," answered Patience. "Did thee see Katie go by? She looked like such a beauty."

"Aunt Phebe said she was tricked out like a popinjay," said the sister, dissentingly.

"Oh pshaw!" exclaimed Patience Wilson. "Aunt Phebe don't believe in any thing outside of our meeting-house. For my part, I believe in some things at St. John's."

"Yes, John Duane!" said the sister, with a meaning smile.

Patience colored slightly, and made a movement toward the door. "Come," she said, hastily, "Aunt Phebe and mother are half-way to meeting."

So they were, and talking gravely of Patience.

"She is a great burden on my mind," said Aunt Phebe. "The pomps and vanities of the world are tempting her, and she is unsettled."

A shadow passed over the mother's Madonna face. "Patience is young, thee knows," was her mild answer. The mother's eyes had not been blind to the dissatisfaction in her daughter's mind, and the rebellion in her life; but self-extenuation is not more natural than the mother's extenuation for her child's error. "Patience is young," she repeated, seeing that her sister made no reply.

"It's a pity Patience wouldn't take to Eli Gardner," said Aunt Phebe, after a minute's pause. "He is a good young man, and a consistent Friend, and it would be a good thing for Patience to be settled in life. Eli would make a steady woman of her."

"I don't know," answered the mother, gravely. "I have my doubts about—"

She paused as if she feared her speech might not find favor in her sister's eyes.

"About what?" asked the elder sister, somewhat sharply. "Thee surely hasn't any doubts about Eli Gardner? He is one of the salt of the earth."

"No, I don't doubt Eli, but I doubt his power to make Patience love him," replied the mother.

"Now, Jane! thee don't mean to say that thee intends to uphold Patience in any of her whims and notions," exclaimed the elder sister, rebukingly. "It is thy duty, as a brand plucked from the burning, to save thy child."

The two women relapsed into silence. Phebe Morgan's words had given Jane Wilson food for thought, and she walked along with a face profoundly meditative.

"It is the spirit," Phebe Morgan said to herself. "Sister Jane will preach to-day."

Into the little meeting-house straggled Patience and Rebecca Wilson, after a silence like that of the grave had fallen on the little group assembled. I say straggled, because that was the term used by Phebe Morgan when, from the high seats that overlooked the meeting, she saw her nieces come in. Patience was a great trial to her in those days. Even the way she entered the meeting-house offended her. There was a loftiness about her carriage that vexed her all the more because it was so natural to Patience in those days. She did not like the look in Patience's eyes either, as they wandered about the simple low-ceiled meeting-house, taking in the hard, bare walls, the cold, white wood-work, the uncarpeted floor, the meek women and grave men: the look was full of undisguised disparagement. Then Patience seated was no better. She fidgeted in her place, she pulled nervously at her gloves, and tapped impatiently with her shoes—and was, to use her aunt's figure, as uneasy as a fish out of water.

It was a correct figure. A fish out of water—that was Patience Wilson sitting in the little meeting-house with her thoughts away off to the little Gothic church of St. John's, where another band of worshipers assembled. She had never been there but twice, but she knew it all by heart, as artists know a picture not often seen but studied carefully. She was picturing to herself now the altar with its purple hangings, the daintily frescoed walls, the fluted pillars, the windows of red and green and blue and gold, the carpeted aisles and cushioned pews. At length the nervous movements ceased, and Patience Wilson sat calm and thoughtful. She had forgotten where she was, and in imagination the mellow light from the stained windows fell upon her, and she was a worshiper at St. John's. The organ pealed forth its glorious notes of harmony, and Patience Wilson, as twice before, bowed her head with its burden of praise, and wept to hear the loud ascription—*Gloria Tibi Domine!* She was not forgetful of him who sat before the organ, and woke the slumbering music from its pipes and keys. John Duane, organist, was the specialty at St. John's in whom Rebecca Wilson had said shrewdly that Patience believed. There was another at St. John's whom she did not forget—Katie Hunter, with the rose-bud sprinkled dress, the lace and gold and garnets, the bright ribbons and scarlet flowers. Katie Hunter sang alto to John Duane's playing, and Patience Wilson did not like her. Suddenly Patience Wilson came out of her reverie with a guilty start.

"A brand plucked from the burning" were the words that fell on her ears from lips that had cooed lovingly over her in infancy, and blessed her all her life. Every body listened attentively, for Jane Wilson was preaching, and she was one of the few faithful ones in her Society; a woman who in her Madonna face wore the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit—a woman who clung tenaciously to the faith delivered to her fathers, and was in all things a pillar and ornament to her sect.

"A brand plucked from the burning!" You guessed from the fervor of the woman's manner, and from an insight into character that is derived alone from experience, that this woman was speaking from experimental knowledge. You guessed intuitively that this woman's calm had come after great storm, that the spiritual height on which she stood had been attained after temporal rough places; you guessed almost that this woman had been herself a brand plucked from the burning.

The spiritualized face often sought her daughter's, and then you saw how much alike they were. You could easily fancy that the Madonna face had looked like Patience Wilson's once. Would Patience Wilson's ever attain the holy calm of the other? Phebe Morgan had hope. She remembered when Jane, her younger sister, had been a great trial to her, when her heart was all unsettled and there was rebellion in her life. Contrasting that time with this when the woman spoke to the edification of all, she had hope for Patience. Indeed, with their experience, could they not save Patience from the rocks on which her mother's happiness had well-nigh wrecked? They must make the effort at all events. Unconsciously her eyes wandered over to the men's side, where sat Eli Gardner, brown-faced, hard-handed, honest, and a Friend. He was listening to Jane Wilson, but his eyes wandered ever and anon to Jane Wilson's daughter, and on him Phebe Morgan relied for assistance. Eli Gardner's mother, too, must play her part.

"Dorcas, I want thee to go home with me to dinner," said Phebe Morgan to the severely plain woman who stood at Eli Gardner's side when the hand-shaking had dismissed the meeting.

The woman looked doubtfully at Eli Gardner.

"To be sure thee will go," said that young man, heartily. "I will drive down for thee this afternoon; and now I want thee, friend Morgan, and all of these young people, to bundle in my carry-all, and I will take them home. Come, girls!"

Patience Wilson drew back as she said, "Thank thee, but I had sooner walk."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Eli Gardner. "Save thy strength until thee needs it more. Besides, there is nobody to sit with me but thy little brother David, and I want thee to see how my new team goes."

"They'd go bully to a buggy!" exclaimed David Wilson, Patience's little brother.

Eli Gardner laughed. "Patience and I will try them to the buggy some day," he said.

"David!" remonstrated Patience in a vexed tone, "thee shouldn't talk so. He picks up such horrid talk at the schools," she said, apologetically, to Eli Gardner.

"Humph! Billy Duane says bully," persisted David, "and I've heard thee say lots of times the Duanes were all gentlemen."

Patience bit her lip, as was her wont when she was vexed.

"Halloa!" exclaimed David Wilson, "there comes John Duane, who makes the music up to St. John's. Golly! what a little sharp steeple that church has got! The boys call it the Church of the Holy Tooth-pick. John has got one of the Hunter girls with him. Say, Patie, wouldn't thee look fine with thy hair all kinked up like that, and red flowers in thy bonnet?"

Patience Wilson, frowning, said: "If thee isn't quiet, David, I'll tell mother."

It was a threat not to be disregarded. The boy glanced backward at his mother's Madonna face, and was quiet.

Patience looked after the two pedestrians who tripped lightly by the side of the road. How pretty Katie Hunter was! she thought. She was not absolutely prettier than herself, but Patience knew that Katie Hunter's good points were brought out and intensified by harmonious colors and the modiste's skill, while her own—She glanced down at her drab dress, with the old disparaging look, and sighed. John Duane was so fond of bright tints and decided shades. He was fond of all things beautiful. He was a fashionable man too—a man of the world, Aunt Phebe called him. He had mingled much in society, and the society of women who studied Paris fashions, and made their purple and fine linen after the latest modes. He was a great lover of music. Under his skillful fingers rare melodies were evolved, and to his careful ear no harmony was lost. He danced also. Moreover, he liked it. Katie Hunter said it was lovely beyond all things to dance with him, he kept such perfect time. And she? She was a Quakeress, hedged on all sides by a discipline that even took the curl out of her hair, she said, sarcastically. John Duane was a star out of her sphere. What stars were in her sphere? She glanced down at Eli Gardner. He was the man of her mother's and Aunt Phebe's election; but she shook her head and drew away instinctively, so wrapt in her own thoughts that she did not hear Eli Gardner until he had addressed her twice.

"The picnic—the walking picnic to Eagle Cliff—has thee heard of it?" he asked.

Patience shook her head. "No," she answered, absently.

"The young people will be sure to invite thee," Eli went on to say.

"I shall be sure not to go," Patience answered.

"Oh no!" Eli Gardner remonstrated. "If thee don't go, I sha'n't care to."

Patience bit her lip, and said in a vexed way, like that in which she spoke to her little brother: "Don't let me influence thee; I wouldn't for the world."

"But thee does," Eli Gardner began, turning his honest brown eyes on Patience Wilson's face.

"Take care, or thee'll upset us!" shouted David Wilson, as the horses turned toward the widow Wilson's house, and Eli Gardner, coming back to his horses, left some things unsaid that were in his heart to say.

John Duane, going to St. John's that afternoon, looked into the widow Wilson's front-yard, as was his custom and pleasure, and saw a trim little figure under the locust-trees that drew him by some secret attraction through the front-gate, and to the little clump of locusts.

"I want to see you a minute, Miss Patience," he said.

"Yes, certainly," answered Patience Wilson, in a confused way, blushing deeply at the amused smile that passed over the young man's face at her reply. "I don't mean that thee certainly wanted to see me," she added, biting her lip in her characteristic manner.

"But I do certainly want to see you," John Duane said, emphatically. "In this uncertain world there are few things more certain. What is more, I want to see you ten times when I get the chance but once. Our ways are so very different, Miss Patience."

"Yes," Patience answered. The difference of their ways had been the burden of her thoughts that day.

"I wanted to see you especially to invite you to join the walking party to Eagle Cliff on Thursday," John Duane explained. "The Hunters and Mortons, and most of the young people of St. John's, are going. I hope you are not going to refuse," he added, seeing the doubt on Patience's face.

"I don't know," Patience began.

"Oh, but you must go," John Duane urged. "I have made great calculations on having you there. I am going early to drive my invalid sister Susie around by the back road. I want you to see her, for I am sure you will like each other. But I must go. The choir at St. John's will be waiting for me. Good-by, Miss Patience, and remember that I shall be greatly disappointed if you are not at Eagle Cliff on Thursday."

"I have decided to go to Eagle Cliff on Thursday," Patience Wilson said to Eli Gardner that afternoon, as he stood cutting the carriage-block with his whip-lash.

The young man's face brightened visibly. "I am glad thee has changed thy mind," he said, earnestly.

"John Duane's sister Susie, the crippled one, is to be there," she explained. "They say she is a lovely character, and I shall be glad to know her."

Eli Gardner's face fell. Patience Wilson had made her decision with reference to John Duane's sister, and might not John be the motive power? Girls were past understanding. Patience Wilson, especially, was beyond his ability to make out. Well, as a wife, he hoped to solve the mystery of her nature.

As if women like Patience Wilson became wives of the men who were unable to read the riddle of their beings before marriage!

It was a gay party at Eagle Cliff. Patience Wilson hardly felt at home among the young people of St. John's, and would have been ill at ease but for John Duane and Susie, the invalid sister. Katie Hunter was there with an infinitude of clustering ringlets under her jaunty little hat, the gold and garnets at her throat, and a crimson sash over her snow-white dress.

"Miss Hunter is a great belle," Susie Duane remarked, watching the gentlemen around her. "Brother John says she practices the art of dress in its perfection. John is such a critic of ladies' dress."

The thin hands of the invalid were toying with Patience Wilson's hair. "What lovely hair!" she exclaimed, lifting the front locks from Patience's face and coaxing them into curls over her finger. "How it changes you!" she added, with a child's delight. "I know what John meant when he said your possible beauty was greater than Katie Hunter's positive beauty. Now let me put some of these scarlet berries in your braids. Isn't it lovely? And here," throwing her crimson shawl over Patience's shoulder, "Katie Hunter is nowhere. No, don't take it off. Sit down at my feet while John and Miss Hunter sing."

They sang those quaint words of Shelley, set to an old air:

> "Nothing in the world is single,
> All things by a law divine
> In one another's being mingle.
> Why not I with thine?"

Patience Wilson listened like one entranced.

"You love music?" Susie Duane said, watching her rapt face.

"I know nothing of it," Patience answered. "But it always stirs me deeply." She hummed the air the others had just dropped.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Susie Duane. "You must have a good ear."

"She has a quick appreciation and a fine ear," added John Duane, joining them. "It is a great pity Miss Patience couldn't have some musical education. I should like to teach you music," he said, earnestly, turning to her.

"It would be hard labor," said Patience, in reply.

"A labor of love," whispered John Duane, drawing her arm in his and leading her away from the crowd.

Aunt Phebe opened the door for her niece that night. Patience had forgotten the curls on her forehead and the berries in her hair. With that light in her eye she might have been excused had she forgotten much more.

"Did Eli Gardner come home with thee?" asked Aunt Phebe.

"No," Patience answered, and moved forward.

"Thee didn't come alone?" Aunt Phebe said, looking anxiously after her.

"No. John Duane came home with me," Patience replied, going up the stairs.

"John Duane! A man of the world given up to the vanities of the flesh!" Phebe Morgan groaned, burdened in spirit for her sister Jane's child.

Patience Wilson at her daily work the following morning hummed the air John Duane had sung the day before, and smilingly repeated to herself the argument of the song:

"Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.
Why not I with thine?"

"Patience, I wish thee wouldn't sing," chided Aunt Phebe. "It sounds so trifling and frivolous."

Patience's song was checked, but the new light her eyes had brought from Eagle Cliff the night before did not die, and her step was as if she trod on air.

"I never saw such hoity-toity ways," Aunt Phebe said to Patience's mother. "She makes me think of some wild thing fairly let loose. It all comes of letting her go outside of her own Society. I always knew it would make mischief. Jane; thee must speak to thy child. Thee owes it to thy religion as well as thy erring offspring."

And Jane Wilson, sighing, heavily spoke to Patience. "My daughter," she said, "how did it happen that John Duane came home with thee last night?"

Patience colored, but she replied, stoutly, "It did not happen at all. It was a piece of deliberate election on his part, and of entire willingness on mine."

"Where was Eli Gardner?" asked her mother, anxiously.

"Oh mother! I don't like Eli Gardner," Patience broke out, resentfully.

"Of course thee don't like John Duane either, for that matter," said Aunt Phebe.

"But I do," answered Patience, in a voice that was intended to be firm, but maidenly modesty made the confession low.

Jane Wilson looked at Phebe Morgan helplessly. It was much worse than she expected. A liking confessed that way was loving. "He is not of thy people," she said, sadly.

"He is a good man," Patience answered. "He is a devoted son and a kind brother. By his own careful management he has kept the homestead and placed the family beyond want. And then—he loves me."

Phebe Morgan groaned. "He is a man of the world, given up to its pomps and vanities," she said. "His raiment is of fashionable cut. He praises his God, not in his heart, but on a strange instrument. He dances to the sound of the fiddle, and mingles with wine-bibbers and sinners. It behooves thee, Patience, to look well to thy ways, for thy feet stand on slippery places. Eli Gardner is a steady man, whose principles thee could rely upon, and who would be acceptable to thy family."

"I shall never marry Eli Gardner," Patience answered, firmly.

"Thee is standing in thy own light," said Phebe Morgan, in sharp, rebuking tones.

"It grieves me to the heart, Patience, to think of thee joining the world's Vanity Fair and forgetting the simplicity and spirituality of thy fathers," Jane Wilson said, sadly.

Patience turned from her Aunt Phebe to her mother. It was one of Phebe Morgan's trials that people paid little heed to her advice. Her sister Jane, with half her words, wielded double her power. Patience Wilson looked at her mother, and in low, tearful tones answered, "Thee doesn't know what thee asks me to give up when thee bids me dismiss John Duane."

"I know, my child," fell from the mother's lips. "When I was a girl I stood where thy feet stand."

"Yes, thy mother is a brand plucked from the burning," broke out Phebe Morgan.

Patience Wilson stood profoundly meditative with white quivering lips. Where she stood her mother had stood before her. The holy calm of that mother's life had grown out of suffering and sacrifice. Patience was worthy of her people. "I will give up John Duane," she said, firmly.

The query in John Duane's song, "Why not I with thine?" was answered. There was an end to stray locks on Patience Wilson's forehead and scarlet berries in her hair. Life meant sacrifice now. "I shall make an out and out Quakeress," she thought.

"She will yet preach from the high seats," thought Aunt Phebe.

But Patience Wilson's mother sighed. Whatever sacrifice her life had known she had found some compensation in Abram Wilson's love, but no such compensation came to Patience.

"I shall never marry Eli Gardner to the longest day I live," she said to her mother, months after she had given up John Duane, and Jane Wilson recognized in her daughter a tenacity of purpose that admitted of no compensation.

She was thinking of these things sitting in her tidy sitting-room the following Sunday afternoon. She had closed her Bible and laid off her spectacles, while she glanced around the room with a mother's fond pride. Rebecca and the younger sisters were reading quietly, but Patience drummed listlessly on the window pane with a weariness in her face that was painful to see in one so young.

"Hadn't thee better read the Review?" asked Aunt Phebe, from her rocking-chair across the room.

"I was thinking a review," answered Patience, but she ceased her drumming, and let her hands fall idly in her lap.

"David, I am ashamed of thee," exclaimed Aunt Phebe as David Wilson let the cat upon the floor with its paws tied up in papers. "Read thy book about that good little boy who ought to be a pattern to thee."

"Pshaw!" answered David, somewhat irreverently. "He died when he was eight years old. Good little boys in books always does. I say!" he added, rushing to the window, "there goes Billy Duane. He has got to go up to the Church of the Holy Tooth-pick to pump the organ for John. They've got a 'Piscopal crab to preach up there, and Billy says he is the jolliest man to tell stories. Thee needn't scold, Aunt Phebe, 'cause I call him a crab; that's his name. I seen it on a letter—Rev. Harold Crabbe. They are going to have some bully music up there to-night, 'cause John is going up to practice a chant, and Billy has got to go and pump for him. Golly, wouldn't I like to hear him play! I wish we had an organ in our meeting-house. I don't see why we don't, I say, mother!"

But Jane Wilson did not answer. A great change had come over her. The meekness had gone out of her face, and the Madonna sadness from her eyes. Jane Wilson seemed to sit among her astonished children not the woman who lived in perpetual calm, but deeply stirred, and agitated with uncontrollable emotion.

"Jane!" exclaimed Phebe Morgan in deep, significant, and rebuking tones. "Thee forgets thyself."

"Unfortunately, I remember," was the deep, passionate answer, and for a single instant there flashed into Jane Wilson's eyes the spirit of rebellion that sometimes sat on Patience's face. It was only an instant. She glanced around the room on her children's wondering faces, and with the habit of years upon her she put away the new, strange mood, and sat with her hands clasped over her Bible, the sad-eyed, Madonna-faced woman.

Patience Wilson that night crumpled in her hand a note. It was John Duane's old plea presented for the last time:

"Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.
Why not I with thine?"

"There is no use," Patience Wilson was saying to herself. "I can not grieve my mother so. After to-night there shall be an end. After to-night!"

She arose with a determined air, put on the simple drab bonnet and gray shawl and went out. At the gate she halted and glanced at the windows of the low farm-house. Through the half-parted curtains of the sitting-room she could see her Aunt Phebe's rigid face and snowy cap, and Patience Wilson unconsciously crouched behind the fence. What she meditated would bring all the vials of that good woman's indignation on her head. She glanced upward to her mother's bedchamber where a low light burned. Was that mother praying for her? And was the intent of her heart counter to that mother's prayers and teachings? She turned for a moment as if to retrace her steps.

The light of her mother's chamber went suddenly out and Patience debated with herself. "She will never know," she said, determinedly, after a minute more of wavering, "and I must hear John Duane's music once more." She turned and took the direction of St. John's.

Suddenly she stopped, for the door of the farm-house closed softly and a bent figure moved slowly down the narrow walk and out of the little gate. She bent her ear to listen, but there was no sound save the ringing of the bell at St. John's. That bell brought up a memory of John Duane again. "It was only my nerves that made me think I heard footsteps," she said to herself, reassuringly. "And I must hear John Duane this once." She moved on stealthily, half crouching by the road-side, and a little way behind, like a shadow of her guilty self, stealthily crept another half bent figure. It took the direction of St. John's also, sometimes wavering as Patience had done, but always choosing finally the road that lay toward the little Episcopalian church.

Away in the back of St. John's, so far back that she sat quite in the shadow, Patience Wilson sat and listened to the organ's music.

As the last notes died away another woman in the simple garb of a Quakeress entered the opposite side of St. John's and sat down in the shadow likewise. Studying those two faces, one could not but be struck with their resemblance. One had listened to the music as if her heart and soul were drinking in the strains. The other listened to the sermon not less eagerly or intently. On the faces of both was the meek sadness of self-renunciation with this difference—one was self-renunciation just begun, the other was self-renunciation with the stamp of age upon it.

After the sermon Patience Wilson arose and went out. She longed to hear the last chant, but she would not for the world have John Duane see her there. At the same time the plain woman in the opposite shadow arose and went out. On the graveled walk they came face to face.

"Patience!" exclaimed the elder woman.

"Mother!" exclaimed the other.

They walked on in silence toward their home. Phebe Morgan met them at the door.

"Where has thee been?" she asked, anxiously.

"To St. John's," answered Jane Wilson, calmly.

"Not there? And thee a preacher! It is contrary to the discipline!" exclaimed Phebe Morgan, in a shocked tone.

Jane Wilson smiled. That smile was full of dignified self-assertion.

"It is contrary to the discipline of my whole life," she answered. "To-day I have learned anew why men and women should leave father and mother and cleave unto wife and husband. When twain are made one flesh time and distance can not divide them. This night I have listened to Harold Crabbe—I who once gave him up because his creed was unlike mine. I have listened to him with self-condemnation, saying to myself, who art thou that judgest thy neighbor? His is a pure heart and a self-sacrificing life, whatever his creed may be. I have sat and stood in the great congregation to-night, in a church with costly gildings and heavy tapestry and pealing organ, and I have found there true worshipers of the true God whom we worship.

As Jane Wilson spoke there had come upon the porch and into the little hall the tread of manly feet, and now there stood within the door a young man, with a puzzled face and eager questioning eyes. Jane Wilson extended her hand.

"John Duane, thee is welcome," she said, kindly.

A flush stole over the young man's face as he replied, earnestly,

"Friend Wilson, I do not crave your welcome as a neighbor and friend merely. I desire Patience, to have and to hold, to cherish and protect. Am I welcome?"

"Thee is welcome," answered Jane Wilson.

She took the hand of her daughter Patience, and laid it in John Duane's, saying in reverent tones,

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

"And thyself?" asked Phebe Morgan, who, years before, had put asunder her sister Jane and Harold Crabbe.

"The old way for me," Jane Wilson replied, calmly. "The end is not far off."

As for Phebe Morgan, zealous in good works and faithful in her sect, she left the trio to their dreams of love, present and past, and went up stairs softly, repeating to herself, with a new meaning:

"'Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I gave my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"MORE fresh air and less medicine" is a maxim which multitudes would be wise to adopt. Unless the lungs are constantly supplied with an abundance of fresh air perfect health can not be preserved. This is a very trite remark; but people need to have the matter brought before them often, for they *will* sit and sleep in close, ill-ventilated rooms, if there is the slightest pretext for so doing. Mr. Lewis W. Leeds, who during the war had the charge of ventilating Government hospitals, and is now consulting engineer of ventilation and heating for the United States Treasury Department, says that "thousands are poisoned to death by their own breath every year;" that "it is in our own houses that the blighting, withering curse of foul air is found." That the external atmosphere often contains great impurities there is no doubt, but if the vitiated exhalations of the lungs are added to these the evil is tenfold more serious. Now that the summer has come every body will naturally seek fresh air, yet even during this season, except when it is oppressively hot, many exclude the night-air from their sleeping apartments, fearful of its dampness. Many persons say there is no danger in sleeping in a *draught* of air; but those unaccustomed to such exposure would doubtless experience immediate ill effects from so doing. But there should always be a circulation of pure air in the sleeping-room. A window opened at the top and bottom a few inches will keep the air in motion. As to fire-boards, which are usually nearly air-tight, Mr. Leeds thinks the best use that can be made of them is to cut them up for kindling wood. In the cold season an open fire assists ventilation, but do not board up the fire-place when summer comes. There is no surer preventive against epidemic diseases than pure air. Open the doors and windows then, and let in the air. No matter if June continues in the fashion of her sister May, and showers fall every day; if we must have damp air, let it be as fresh as can be obtained.

A large and very valuable collection of fossils from the green sand beds of the well-known Squankum Marl Company, near Farmingdale, New Jersey, has recently been presented to the Peabody Museum of Yale College. It consists of several thousand specimens, many of them new to science, and is an important acquisition to the Museum.

An exchange says that the secret of being able to sleep at will depends upon the power of fixing the attention upon the breathing. The person must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination slumbers; fancy becomes dormant, thought subdued; the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility; the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty, and he no longer wakes, but sleeps. We recommend this as an excellent method for one who is *very sleepy!* If not pretty sleepy you had better wait a while, as you may get your eyes fixed wide open in your endeavors to see the "continuous stream" of breath.

The publisher of *The Independent* has been impeached by all of his employés, and, in an extemporized congress, he has been accused, in eleven distinct articles, of having been guilty of recent generous acts and habitual good-behavior. Our space will not permit us to quote all the charges made; but the Eleventh Article is as follows: "*Article Eleventh.*—You are charged, finally, with never having spoken a harsh or unkind word to any person in any department of the *Independent* establishment; with always exhibiting to us a cheerful countenance; with never forgetting to bestow bountiful and generous commendation on our best endeavors; and, in short, with a deliberate attempt on your part to make our daily work a daily pleasure." The sentence pronounced was that the accused should accept, as the lightest penalty which could justly be inflicted, an elegant Parian statuette of "Santa Filomena," executed by Alderman Copeland, of London—a gem of art.

The Astor House, which was opened when New York was comparatively a village, and which, perhaps, is more extensively known than any other hotel in America, has recently been renovated and greatly improved. Once—years ago—it was situated in the centre of fashionable life; now it is in the centre of business life. The building has been re-papered, re-carpeted, and re-furnished throughout, and every addition made which comfort or elegance could demand. An entirely new kitchen has been built, which is said to contain the largest cooking range in the world. It was built by a French firm, and has seven ovens and three covers, and can easily cook for 3500 persons. The dining-room has been newly painted and frescoed; and the new patent elevator is an addition which will be welcomed by the patrons of this house.

A dreadful occurrence recently took place in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. A Mrs. M'Knight had been severely burned by her clothes taking fire from a stove. She was in a fair way to recover, when one day she complained of an increased burning in one of her limbs. The person in attendance, on turning down the bed-clothes, discovered that the blanket was on fire, and that a portion of the bed had been burned. The injuries thus received, and the excitement occasioned, caused her death the same day. How long the burning had been going on previous to the discovery could not be ascertained; but a considerable portion of the bed and clothes were consumed. The fire is supposed to have originated from spontaneous combustion, caused by the remedies applied to her injuries. It is well known that certain substances are liable to undergo chemical changes which develop sufficient heat to set them on fire. Cloths saturated with oil have been thus inflamed, and by being piled together in large quantities the danger is increased by the accumulation of heat.

The Memphis *Post* gives an account of the mobbing of a teacher of a colored school at Salisbury, Tennessee. The teacher was a white man, sent there by the Freedmen's Bureau a few weeks ago. One Saturday evening half a dozen of the President's sympathizers disguised themselves by blackening their faces, and called upon the teacher, cocked their drawn revolvers upon him, and beat and battered him to their cruel satisfaction. Their only excuse was their determination that no white man should teach colored children at that place.

One of the English Reviews indulges in a lengthy article upon "Little Women." It is not very complimentary to tall, broad-shouldered, large-armed "giantesses," but bestows abundant praise upon smart, trim "little women" with "no more biceps than a lady-bird, and just about equal strength with a sparrow." It seems quite of opinion that energy, bravery, and power are, in general, associated with smallness; that a small creature whom one blow from a huge man's fist could annihilate, gets her own way in every thing, and conquers opposition by her very weakness. Finally it concludes that, on the whole, "little women have the best of it. More petted than their bigger sisters, and infinitely more powerful, they have their own way in part because it really does not seem worth while to contest a point with such little creatures. There is nothing that wounds a man's self-respect in any victory they may get or claim. Where there is absolute inequality of strength, there can be no humiliation in the self-imposed defeat of the stronger; and as it is always more pleasant to have peace than war, and as big men for the most part rather like than not to put their necks under the tread of tiny feet, the little woman goes on her way triumphant to the end, breaking all the laws she does not like, and throwing down all the barriers that impede her progress, perfectly irresistible and irrepressible in all circumstances and under any conditions."

The young Prince Imperial of France is now about twelve years old. He is small of his age, has a gentle, thoughtful face, dark chestnut hair, and his mother's beautiful eyes. He is frank and genial. A little incident is related of him, which illustrates his sweet temper. It occurred several years ago. Some misunderstanding had arisen between the young Napoleon and a playmate to whom he was much attached, and in the excitement of their juvenile quarrel the Prince received a blow. But the child, turning his earnest and thoughtful eye on his little companion, said, "I can not return it to you, because you are a Frenchman, and I am the Prince Imperial of France." The children were duly separated and put in disgrace; when, next day, his pugnacious friend was brought by his father to apologize for having so far forgotten himself, the Prince, on seeing him, threw his arms round his neck, saying, "Ah, how unhappy I have been not to have seen you a whole day!"

A Cleveland (Ohio) paper states that quite a sensation was recently created in that city by the arrival of a family possessed of startling characteristics, who were on the way to Chicago to embark in the show business. Two women and a boy comprised the remarkable features of the group. One woman was seven feet six inches high, and the other weighed seven hundred pounds. The boy, an infant of four years, weighed two hundred and thirty pounds.

The following experience of a humorous traveler, who attempted to get a dinner at Rochester, on the Central Railroad, is worth reading by all who enjoy a good laugh:

"Twenty minutes for dinner!" shouted the brakesman, as we approached the city.

Arrived there, I entered the dining-room and inquired of the waiter:

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Twenty minutes," was the hurried reply.

I told him I would try half a dozen minutes raw, on the half-shell, just to see how they went.

He scratched his head, trying to comprehend the order, but finally gave it up and waited upon some one else.

I approached a man who stood near the door with a roll of money in his hand.

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Half a dollar," says he.

I told him that I would take half a dollar well done; and asked him if he couldn't send me in addition a boiled pocket-book stuffed with greenbacks, and some seven-thirties garnished with postage-stamps and ten-cent script. Also, I would like to wash my dinner down with National Band Notes, on "draft."

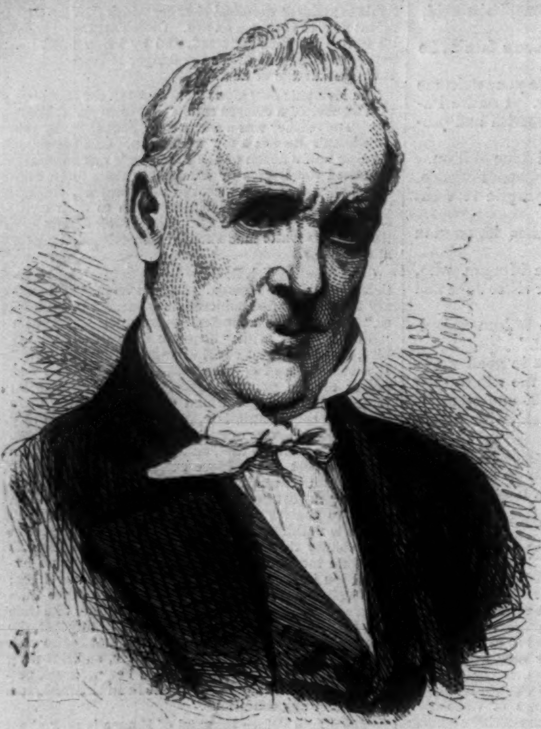
Chili is a musical country. It is said that when Gottschalk was about to give a great concert there he made a requisition upon the civil and military bands of Valparaiso and Santiago. Upon their presenting themselves he was amazed to find that not an eighth part of them could read or write, and not a fourth part knew a note or character of music. But what was his astonishment when he found that almost entire operas were familiar to them, and that they were able to repeat with perfect accuracy intricate parts of music by hearing them played but once or twice.

The faith exercised by a great many persons is like that of the old lady who one night was reading that passage in the Bible which speaks of the faith that can remove mountains. There was behind her humble dwelling a high hill which hid the nearest village from her view. She had often wished that this hill might be taken away; so before retiring she prayed that it might be removed. In the morning when she arose and lifted the curtain, lo! the mountain was still there. Then the old lady said to her son, "Just as I expected, John; the old hill stands there yet!"

Considerable excitement has been felt in Paris in regard to some strange disclosures which have recently been made in regard to the confinement of a number of persons, believed to be perfectly sane, in lunatic asylums. The Emperor has given directions for careful official inquiry to be made, and intends to visit some of the asylums himself.

A late number of the London *Quarterly Review* contains an interesting article upon the utilization of refuse matter. Old and spoiled photographs are considered a very valuable waste, in consequence of the amount of gold and silver they contain, which is recovered by simply burning them, and from the washings of the prepared paper they are secured by evaporation. The amount of refuse silver thus recovered amounted in one large photographic paper establishment to £1000 in one year.

Every refuse of the precious metals is most carefully collected. A jeweler's leather, old and well worn, is often worth many dollars; and what are termed "sweeps" or the dust collected in the leathern receptacle that is suspended under every working jeweler's bench, is a regular article of trade. A worker in the precious metals can always obtain a new waistcoat for an old one in consequence of the valuable dust adhering to it. Bookbinders doing a large business tell almost incredible tales of the amount of gold they collect from the floors and the rags of the binders

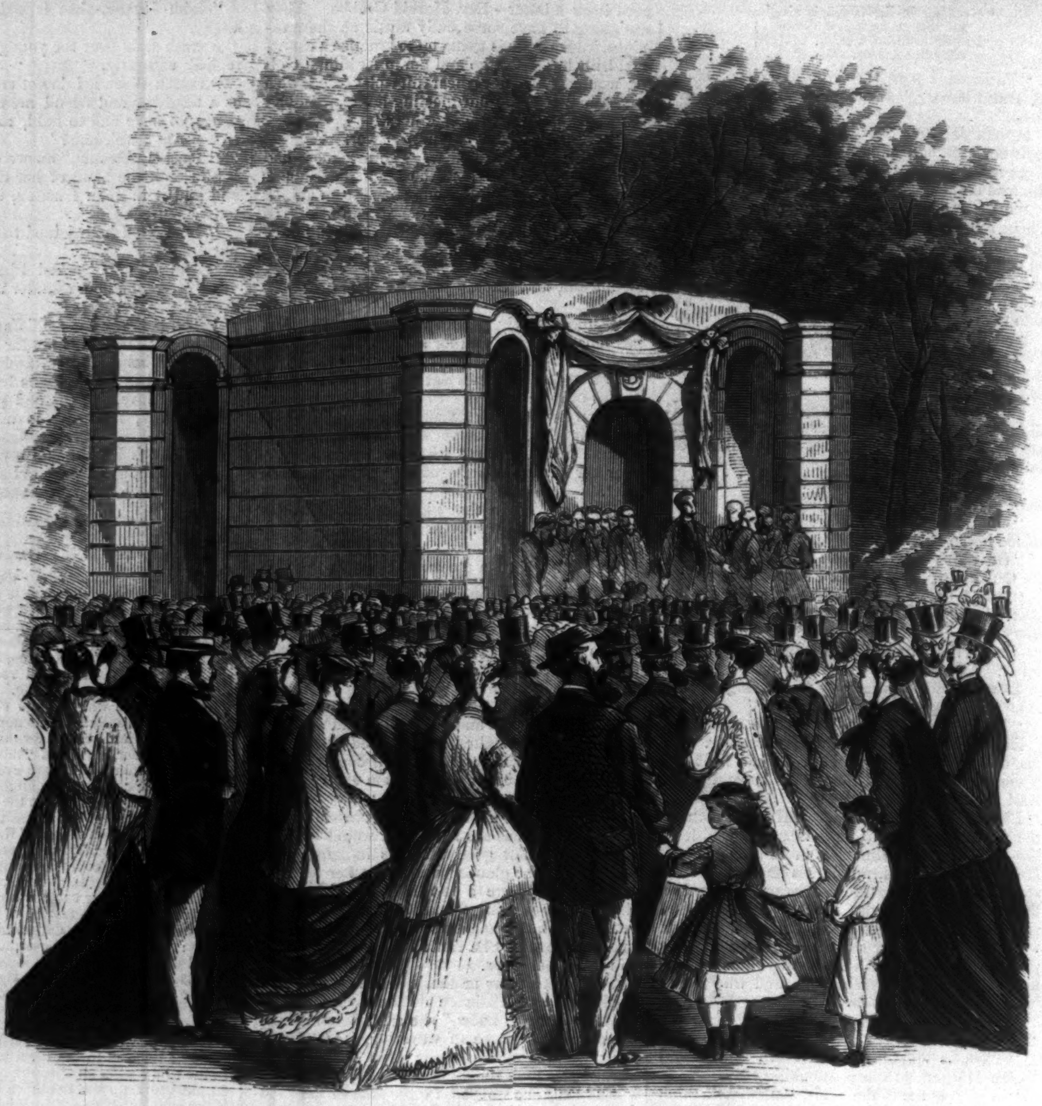


THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

James Buchanan, fifteenth President of the United States, died at Wheatland, Pennsylvania, on June 1, 1868, aged seventy-seven. We give above an accurate portrait of the deceased ex-President.

Mr. Buchanan was born at Stony Batter, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, on April 22, 1791. His parents were of Scotch-Irish extraction. He was graduated at Dickinson College in 1809, and admitted to the Lancaster bar in 1812. At 23 he entered the Pennsylvania Legislature, and at 29 was elected to Congress to represent the district now represented by Thaddeus Stevens. At 41 he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia, and on his return, in 1834, was elected to the United States Senate. He remained in the Senate until the beginning of Mr. Polk's administration, during which he held the position of Secretary of State, afterward retiring to private life. On the accession of Mr. Pierce to the Presidency, Mr. Buchanan was appointed Minister to England, from which post he returned to the United States to become the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency. During his administration the long-plotted rebellion was greatly hastened. Mr. Buchanan took no steps to prevent it, and during its brief but violent existence he looked on calmly from his place of retirement. This is perhaps the harshest criticism which can be passed upon Mr. Buchanan—harsh enough in all reason. Undoubtedly his weakness in not dealing summarily with the traitors while they were plotting at Washington gave great strength to the rebellion, and his evident desire to end his administration peacefully, no matter in what condition he left the government to his successor, must naturally ever be a reproach on his memory. Yet his services previous to his Presidential career were valuable, particularly those abroad, and in all charity we should remember these, and endeavor to forget the rest.

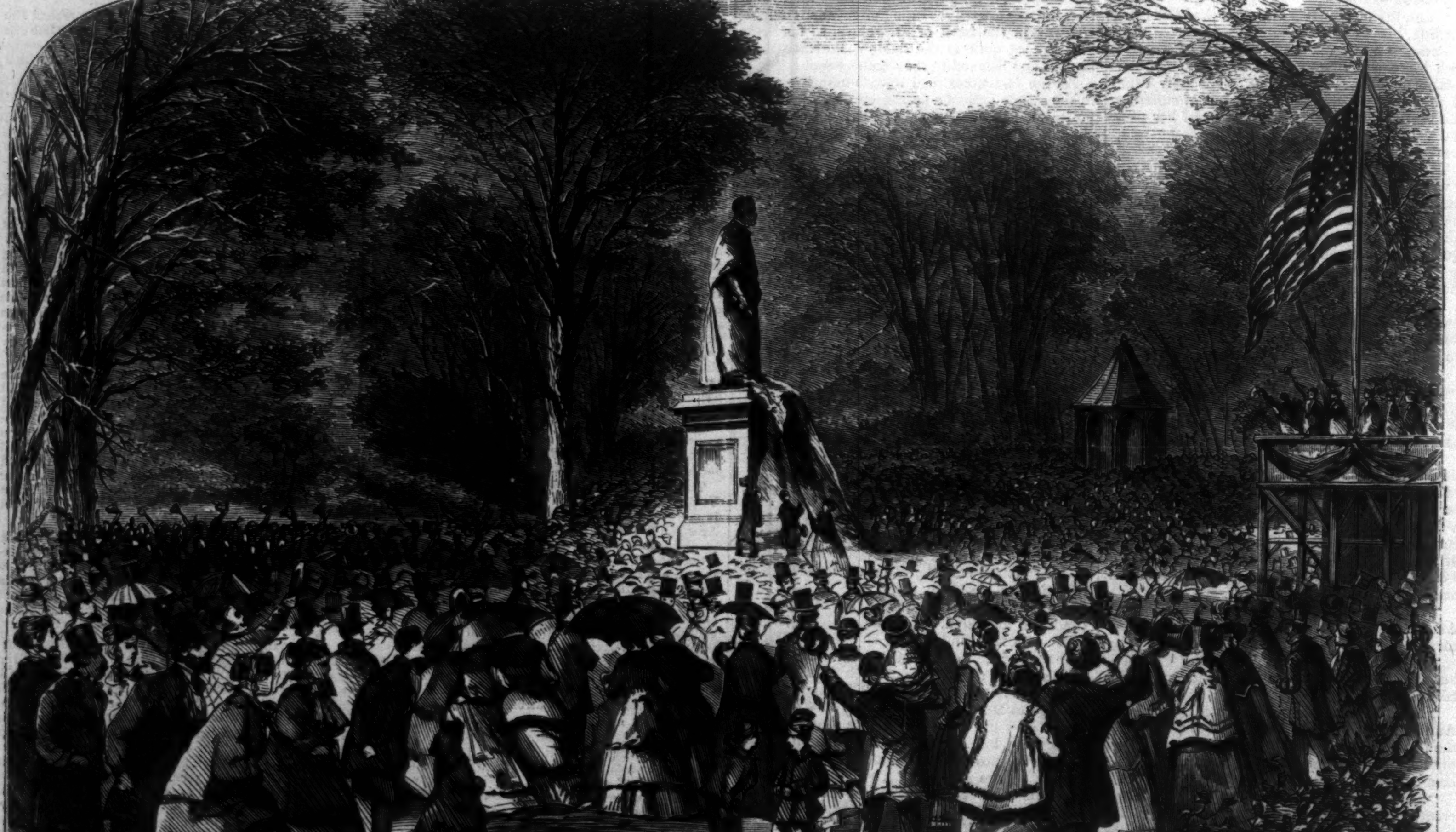


REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF THE LATE STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS TO THE MAUSOLEUM AT CHICAGO.
[Sketched by W. B. Baird.]

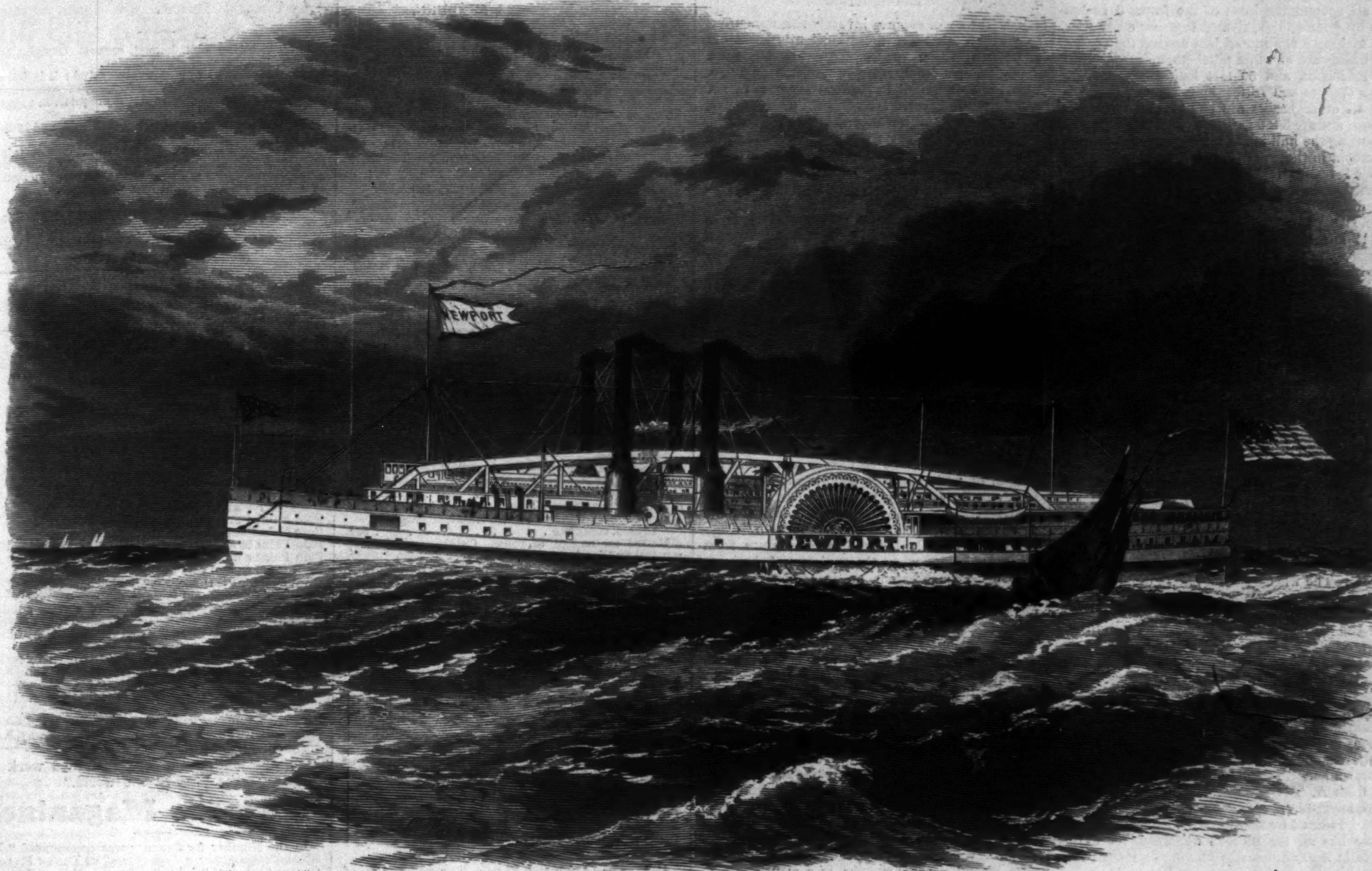
THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

We give above an illustration of a scene which occurred at Chicago, Illinois, on June 3, the occasion of the removal of the remains of the late Stephen A. Douglas from the grave to the lately-finished mausoleum. It represents more particularly the ceremonies at the grave on the removal of the body.

On June 2 the Trustees of the Douglas Monument Association, accompanied by a son of Mr. Douglas, and others, proceeded to inspect the remains of the late Senator, preparatory to their formal removal. Upon removing the lid cover-



INAUGURATION OF THE BENTON STATUE AT ST. LOUIS, May 27, 1868.—Sketched by A. M. Student.—[See Page 398.]



STEAMER "NEWPORT," OF THE NEW YORK, NEWPORT, AND BOSTON LINE—FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS THE "OLD FALL RIVER LINE."

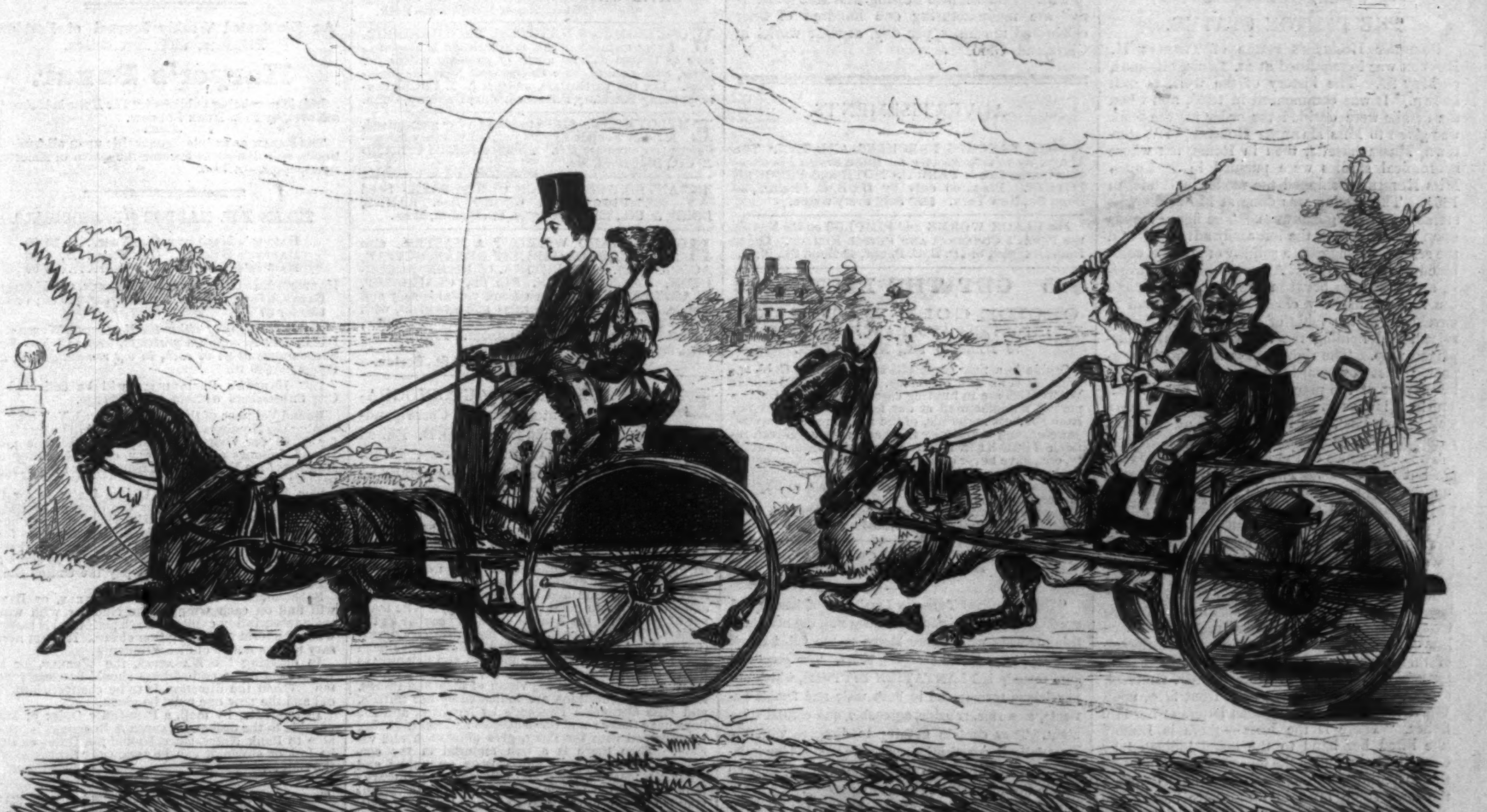
ing the glass, the face of the illustrious Senator was found to be in a remarkable state of preservation, almost as natural as when buried seven years ago, excepting that the eyes were more sunken, the nose more contracted, and the surface of the forehead somewhat indented or pitted; but the complexion was very fair, the contour of the head and face apparently unchanged, and the expression quite natural and plainly recognizable. The hair looked as black and glossy as ever, and the raiment as new and tidy as when first put on, and presenting but little evidence of mildew or discoloration.

The mausoleum to which the body was removed, and which is shown in our illustration, is to be surmounted by a monument designed by Mr. L. W. Volk, the distinguished sculptor of Chicago. The total height will be one hundred feet. The statues which ornament four corners of the base are of Jackson, Clay, Webster, and Cass, who were contemporaries of Douglas.

The base of the pedestal which supports the column exhibits on its four sides a series of historical *basso relievo* pictures, representing the progress of civilization in the West, with which Mr. Douglas was so closely identified. And the column is crowned with a colossal statue of the departed "Little Giant." The mausoleum is twenty feet square, and through a grated bronze door the spectator will be able to behold the sarcophagus containing the remains of Mr. Douglas, reposing there, in "dim, religious light." An eagle, with drooped wings, sits over the door of the mausoleum—an eloquent emblem of mourning for a great man.

THE STEAMER "NEWPORT."

On this page we give an engraving of the splendid steamer *Newport*, belonging to the "Boston, Newport, and New York Steamboat Company" (Old Fall River Line). The *Newport* was built by John Englis & Son, New York. She is 350 feet long, with 44 feet beam, and extreme breadth over all of 80 feet. Her keel is of white oak, 14 × 14 inches, and frame of oak and locust. The floor timbers are of oak, 8 inches thick, and moulded 19 inches. There are 11 tiers of keelson; the centre keelson is of oak, 14 inches wide by 36 deep, bolted through the keel and floors, and riveted on rings to the keel. The bottom is "solid," filled in with white pine 11 inches wide and 19 deep, and calked. There are yellow pine beams 17 × 18 inches, every twenty feet, fastened into the keelson, and kneed to the side of the vessel. The ceiling is of oak, 7 inches thick and square-fastened. She is strapped with the best of American



SCENE ON THE ROAD TO JEROME PARK.

Paddy to Bridget.—"Sure, Biddy, the Folks will think we're the Aristocracy goin' to the Races!"

iron, 22 feet long, 4½ × ⅝ inches, and has an iron belt all around the head of the frame 6 inches wide by ¾ inch thick, riveted together every fifty feet, making a continuous belt around the vessel. The beams are of white pine—main-guard beam 26×22 inches, and 80 feet long. Ten beams, 18×20 inches and 78 feet long, support the boilers; all other beams are placed two feet from centres, and are 8×8 inches. The "hog-frame" supporting the hull is the strongest ever put on a steamboat in the country, being 44 inches thick, with 44 inches moulded, and 16 inches sided, fastened with 2 and 2½ inch rods up and down and diagonal. For outside planking she has three streaks of oak "strings," 6 inches thick and 12 inches wide, let into each timber 1 inch; the garboard streak is 5 inches thick, and fastened with copper bolts, and the rest of the planking is 4 inches thick. Tonnage, 2140. She has four water-tight compartments.

The joiner work was done by **JOHN E. HOFFMIRE**, New York. The promenade is 9½ feet above the main deck. The main hall is finished with half-round columns of the Corinthian style, with a very heavy entablature 2 feet 10 inches high, with elaborately carved moulding, and is gilded. This hall has a dome roof 6 feet high, with ventilating sash of 2½ feet, ornamented with fancy cut glass. The ladies' saloon, on the main deck aft, is similarly finished, and the lower cabin is also tastefully ornamented.

The engine of the *Newport* was built at the Novelty Iron Works, New York, and is a splendid piece of mechanism, and embraces all modern improvements. There are four boilers, situated on the guards amidships, well secured and protected. The wheels are 42 feet in diameter, and 13 feet face.

There are on this boat 150 state-rooms, and 400 berths. The rooms are 7 by 7 feet each, and are finished and furnished with black walnut, and all the rooms contain two berths, also four bridal apartments of larger dimensions. The berths all have patent spring slats and hair mattresses, and are trimmed outside with fringed curtains. Most of the rooms are entered from alcoves from the main hall.

The *Newport* was furnished by the Company who own her. The drapery, carpets, linen, etc., are from A. T. STEWART & Co.; the gas-fixtures, silver-plate, etc., from E. V. HAUGHWOUT & Co. Painted by BARNEY & STYLES, New York.

She has all the modern apparatus for extinguishing fire, and carries FRANCIS's Patent Metallic Life-Boats, with ALLEN's Patent Boat-disengaging Apparatus attached. Life-preservers are under all pillows in rooms and berths, and the state-room doors, which are hung with shifting butts, can be unshipped and used as life-preservers.

This boat, with her consorts, the *Old Colony*, *Metropolis*, and *Empire State*, plies between New York and Newport, Rhode Island, and thence connects with the OLD COLONY AND NEWPORT RAILWAY to Boston, forming the "Old Fall River Line," which has been successfully in operation for about a quarter of a century.

The *Newport* is commanded by Captain WILLIAM BROWN, a veteran in the service. THEODORE WARREN is Clerk; L. V. TILTON, Steward; and JAMES FINKEL, Engineer.

She is a beautiful vessel, and can sail twenty miles per hour with ease, and carries twelve hundred passengers and a large freight.

THE BENTON STATUE.

HARRIET HOSMER's statue of THOMAS H. BENTON was inaugurated at St. Louis, Missouri, on May 27. The history of the work is well known. It was commenced in 1860, and when the details were decided the order for the work was given to Miss HARRIET HOSMER, of Watertown, Massachusetts, then in Rome, but whose anatomical studies were pursued in St. Louis. Miss HOSMER fashioned the model in Rome, in 1861. The casting was done at Munich. The statue is of light gilt bronze. The figure stands upon the right foot, the left easily advanced, and the erect form suggests a solidity of position combined with real grace. An outer garment covers it, a compromise between the Roman toga and the modern military cloak. The left hand is enveloped in the folds of the garment, slightly raised, and holding the upper corner of a displayed map. The right arm is without the drapery, thrust downward, and the hand grasps the lower part of the map, rolled up in scroll form. The head is bare and is taken from MACDONALD's well-known bust, and is considered an excellent likeness of the subject.

The ceremonies of the inauguration were simple but impressive. The statue was enveloped in a dun-hued robe of muslin, that was gathered in folds about its apex, and fell flowing gracefully over the bronze form, tastefully bound with crimson cords with tassels attached, and completely hiding the figure. All that could be seen was the pedestal, an elegantly-finished parallelepiped of Quincy granite, with four panels upon its faces let into the stone, and surrounded by mitred mouldings. This pedestal rests upon three lifts of steps of the same material. Upon the top of this structure stood the veiled form. Mrs. General FREMONT, a daughter of Mr. BENTON, ascended the three steps at the front face, upon which was engraved the gilded letters of her late father, "There is the East—there is India." She lifted her hand to the tassel indicated by Captain EADS, pulled the tense cord, which broke the fastenings, the veil fell and floated away, the form stood forth in its massive beauty and glory, the cannon off on the hill poured forth the salute of thirty guns, ordered by Secretary STANTON in honor of the departed statesman, the multitude echoed forth shout after shout of exultant joy, and the first statue ever erected west of the Mississippi was seen permanently fixed, in all its grandeur, a memento of one of the greatest men the republic has produced.

ENCORES.

THE theory of encores involves this monstrous proposition, that the more efficiently the labor is performed the greater stress is put upon the laborer; so that, if he be perfectly effective, he shall be required to perform his task two if not three times over. How this strikes one at first sight, before habit has inured one to its defects, is exemplified by the story of Pasta's maid. The great artist had given her servant, a simple country-girl, an order for the opera. It was a grand occasion—a night in which Pasta appeared in one of her master-pieces. Never had she acted better—voice, declamation, emotion, every thing about her, conspired to make that assumption famous in lyric annals. Applause rained on her at every turn; she was *bissée* times out of mention; in short, it was a *furore*. At the end of the evening she wearily asked her waiting-maid how she had enjoyed the play.

"Well, the play, ma'am, was fine, but I felt sorry for *you*," was the reply.

"For me, child! And why?"

"Well, ma'am," said the waiting-maid, "you did every thing so badly, that the people were always shouting and storming at you, and making you do it all over again."

This was the *ingenue's* reading of an encore.

But it is not on the performer alone that the custom of indiscriminate encoring heavily falls. It is equally wearying to a large portion of the audience. Every one familiar with crowded and popular concerts well remembers the "ssh," deepening into a sibilant sound, which comes from the connoisseurs when the applause of the ignorant benches threatens an injudicious encore. But the plaudits are louder than the dissident tones; the singer reappears on the platform, and politeness silences the connoisseurs, while the noisy ones redouble their acclamation. Then the observer may note a look of weariness steal over the habitual concert-goer as he settles resignedly down to the inevitable repetition. The encorist may say that herein the feeling of the majority is consulted; but the proposition is not always true. A few noisy applauders can easily overpower the polite many. The efforts of a *claque* will prevail against the wishes of a dissentient audience. For whereas it is voted rude to hiss, no canon denounces applause, save in a church. And even if it be granted that the majority have decided for an encore, it does not necessarily make out a case for them beyond appeal. For the vulgar, who attend a concert once in a way, and who are greedily anxious to obtain the most for their money, have no right to dictate to the cultivated few—the steady patrons of the art—have no right, that is to say, to impose a condition over and above the contract. They pay their money for a stipulated commodity, and they do not deserve to claim that which, not being in the bond, inconveniences a portion of the constituency.

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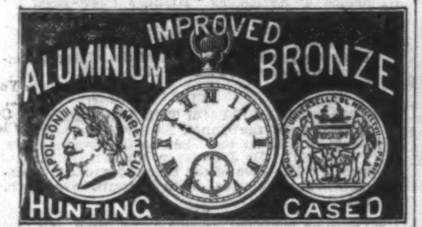

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☞ CAUTION. Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or *can* make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us.

TESTIMONIALS.

From the New York Independent.

Our readers have probably observed in our paper the advertisement of C. E. Collins & Co.'s Oroide Watches. These gentlemen are manufacturing a watch which they claim to have good time-keeping qualities, and in a case which is ornamental and durable, an almost exact imitation of gold. We have tried one of the watches, and find it a good time-keeper when well regulated. There are a great many persons in all classes of society who can not afford to pay a price of $40 or $60 for a first-class silver watch, nor $125 to $175 for a gold one, yet would like a handsome-looking watch, keeping fair time. The Oroide Watch appears to suit their cases exactly.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: WEST BANGOR, December 3, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—I have received the watch you sent per the Adams Express, and like it very well. It keeps good time, and is of a handsome appearance. I have disposed of it to a friend of mine, and now wish you to send me one of the same kind. I may be able to get some other orders for you ere long. When you send it, direct it to Havre de Grace, Md., as that is the nearest point for me to get it. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, yours, &c., V. D. BEDFORD.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: YORK, PA., December 10, 1867.

DEAR SIRS,—I received the Watch to-day, and I am very much pleased with it. It is in reality more than you advertise. There are five persons who will send for the same watch in a few days. Yours respectfully, JOSEPH ZINKAND.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: OFFICE MERCHANTS' UNION EXPRESS, STURGIS, Dec. 4, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—Please send me a half dozen Oroide Watches—small, medium, and large sizes. The watch you sent on the 30th of November is all sound, and worth four times its cost. I will sell a great many watches. Please send me samples of your chains. I am going to keep two or three men travelling all the time. Very truly yours, R. H. MINISON.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: GREENWOOD, Nov. 28, 1867.

DEAR SIRS,—Myself and three others wish you to send four of your Imitation Gold Watches, at $15 each, gentlemen's size, and receive payment on delivery. Address Greenwood Farms, Marquette County, Lake Superior, Michigan, by express to Negone, for Michael Lynch, Michael Connal, John Shehen, and Henry Young—all of Greenwood. Your watches stand in great esteem here. Yours, &c., MICHAEL LYNCH.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT HARKER, KANSAS, Nov. 27, 1867.

SIRS,—I wish you to send me a watch. I made quite a spec. on the last watch. I want this watch well finished, for they will sell well. Several of my friends have received watches from you, and they like them very well. Send by the U. S. Express. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P.S.—Forward to Ellsworth City, Ks. HENRY A. LEONARD, Bugler, Co. H, 7th U. S. C.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: SALEM, OREGON, December 12, 1867.

GENTS,—I did not reach this place as soon as I expected when I wrote to you from Idaho, but was pleased when I arrived yesterday to find that my order was filled, and the watches in the express office. I like the watches well, especially the large one. My brother will start for New York soon, and will call and see you. Thanking you for your promptness, I remain yours, JOHN T. CROMWELL.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: LA GRANGE, OHIO, January 14, 1868.

SIRS,—I am glad to say that the watch for my friend gave entire satisfaction; and, as he deals in the article, you may expect further orders; and, as we put confidence in you, we will forward the money by mail, having it registered, to save $1 paying expenses back on the money. Hoping you will deal promptly with us, we remain your most obedient servants, JAMES A. RUSSELL, HARRISON CORNELL.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: WEST NEWTON, January 15, 1868.

GENTS,—Please send me, C. O. D., two of your Oroide Watches, gent's watch: want one of them most as plain a case as you have, the other one carved. Also two of your two-dollar chains. Send to Lima, Ally Co., Ohio, by M. U. Express. Respectfully yours, C. M. COFFIN.

P.S.—The Ladies' Watch you sent me was all that I could ask for the money. It keeps good time, and is a splendid article. C. M. COFFIN.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: PORT HENRY, N. Y., January 15, 1868.

Please send me per express two watches, gents' size; and if they prove to be as good as the one you sent me, I think I will want more, D. A. WASSON.

THE

GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

RECEIVE THEIR TEAS BY THE CARGO FROM THE *BEST TEA DISTRICTS* OF CHINA AND JAPAN, and sell them in quantities to suit customers AT CARGO PRICES.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.]

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 20 per lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25; best, $1 50 per lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20 cents, 25 cents, 30 cents, 35 cents; best, 40 cents per pound.

Hotels, saloons, boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our

FRENCH BREAKFAST AND DINNER COFFEE,

which we sell at the low price of 30 cents per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

ROASTED (unground), 30c., 35c.; best, 40c. per lb.
GREEN (unroasted), 25c., 30c., 33c.; best, 35c. per lb.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than Thirty Dollars had better send a Post-office Draft or Money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for clubs of less than Thirty Dollars.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

N.B.—Inhabitants of villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one third (besides the Express charges) by sending directly to

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are BOGUS OR IMITATIONS.

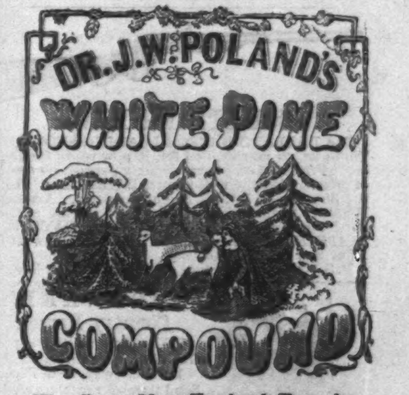
We have no branches, and do not in any case authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE Orders and Drafts make payable to the Order of

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY."

Direct Letters and Orders as below (no more, no less):

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street,
Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.



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The White Pine Compound cures Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

The White Pine Compound is now sold in every part of the United States and British Provinces. Prepared at the NEW ENGLAND BOTANICAL DEPOT, Boston, Mass. JOHN W. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio; O. BURNHAM and VAN SCHAACK, Ill.—General Agents for the West.

10 CTS., postpaid. "SHORT HAND: ALL ABOUT IT." Address G. J. MANSON, 37 Park Row, N.Y.

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